Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper

POSTAGE:
Inland, 2d. Canada & Newfoundland, 1½d.
Foreign, 3½d.

VOL. XXV. No. 327

EVE

With which is incorporated
THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

June 16, 1926

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL

Marcus Adams

"Burghie" the Second

David Anthony Thomas Lord Burghersh evidently inherits that cheery good fellowship which makes his father, still "Burghie" to his friends, such a very popular person. Lord Westmorland, who both owns and trains jump horses, is very gallant over a country. He and his wife have a house at Badminton

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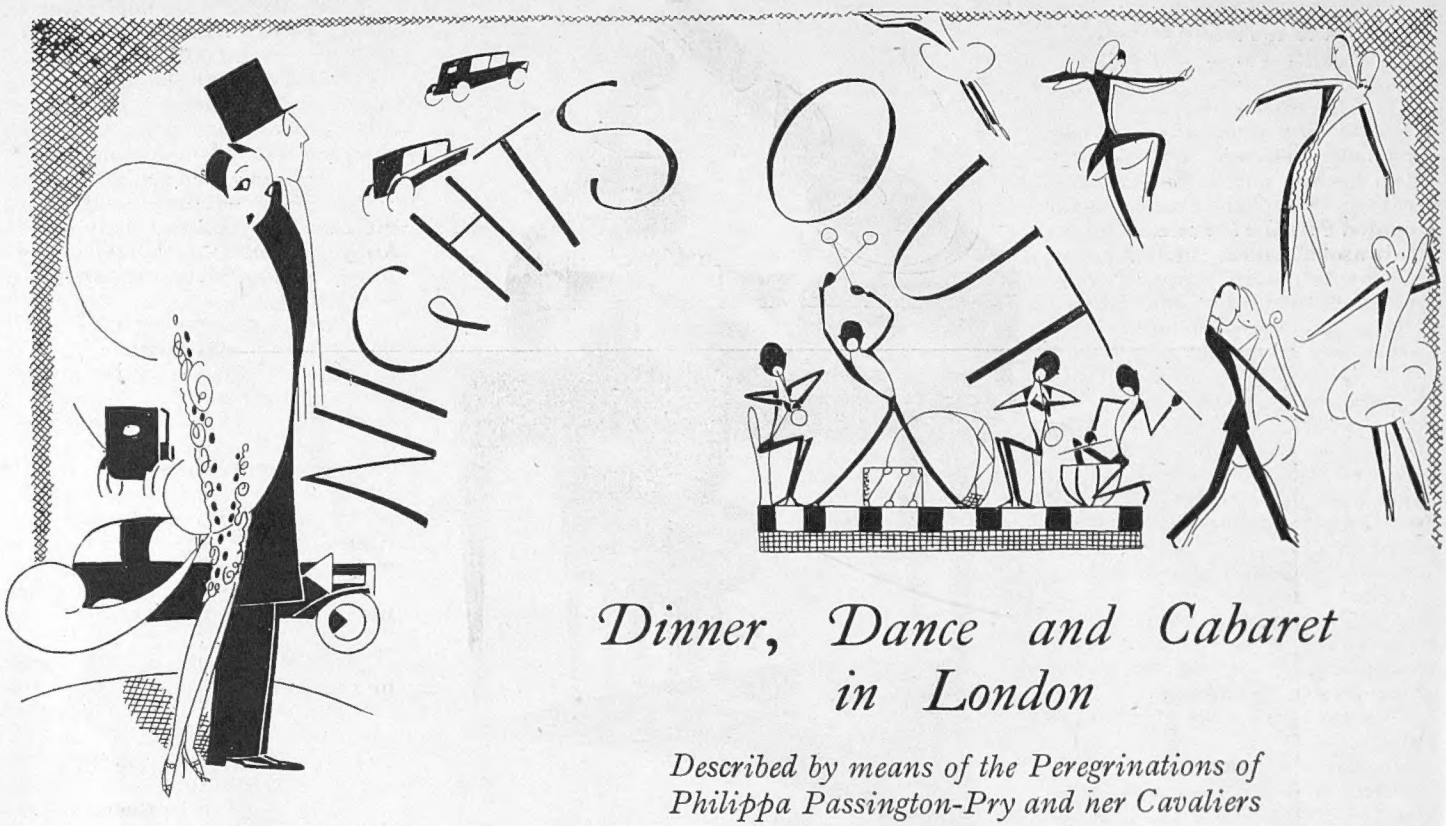
Paris Office:
13 and 15, Rue Taitbout



Dinner, Dance and Cabaret in London

Described by means of the Peregrinations of Philippa Passington-Pry and her Cavaliers

No. 5. THE RITZ AND CHEZ VICTOR

By Sydney Tremayne

Illustrated by "FISH"

"MUMMIE, I've met someone I like."

"What, again, Philippa?"

"No, for the first time. I'm dining with him to-night."

"Where?"

"At the Ritz. That will show you it's serious. What shall I wear?"

"A very clever man once said to me that a woman should begin a love affair in a white dress and end it in a black."

"Was he meaning you?"

"I don't think so. I was wearing pink taffeta with gold bows at the time."

The Rotunda at the Ritz

"Mummie! To think that you could do such things when I was not there to look after you!"

"He didn't seem to mind," said Mrs. Passington-Pry mildly.

"I honour him for that, and I shall wear white to-night."

Philippa would not hear of Mr. Randolf Carling coming "all the way" from the Ritz, where he was staying, to fetch her from Curzon Street. She arrived punctually, a silver and white taffeta coat with a white fox collar over her chiffon frock, and flesh coloured pink satin slippers on size three feet. She was paler than usual, because she had decided that the *mandarine* complexion she had worn during the day would not go with her ice-queen disguise.

Carling was waiting for her in what Philippa called the Ritz Rotunda. He held her cool hand in a warm, strong, large grasp and stared at her approvingly with blue, almost but not quite protruberant blue, eyes. He was big and noticeable with a face rather like the beginnings of a bust by Rodin. He gave an impression of strength and vitality which was just a little uncouth —at the Ritz.

Colonel Van Buren raised his eyebrows as he bowed to Philippa. He was wondering.

"Where has little Philippa found the *explorer*, and why is she looking demure?"

Pippa, in modest, maidenly mood did not even object to the table allotted them by Allietti.

Carling had ordered dinner, and did not consult her about the wine. He ordered Clos Vougeot 1911, to be followed by Bollinger '19, while Philippa read the menu:

Tortue Claire en tasse.
Fruite de Rivière Meunière.
Pouliac Pointes d'Asperges.
Artichauts Sce. Vinigrette.
Glace Biscuit Nikitina.

It was not until after he had personally selected the peaches which he had put in the iced and decanted champagne that he again accorded Philippa any real attention His brusque restless, rather clumsy movements moved Pippa in some mysterious way, and she listened with wrapt expression even when he was only saying :

"I like this restaurant. There is something restful about the rather dowdy grandiloquence of its marble and faded gilt. I hope to goodness they won't cover it with paint and put coloured glass all over the place as they have everywhere else."

To her surprise Philippa agreed.

"But I don't think it an improvement having a band in here. I like eating in peace. This craze for dancing is spoiling the palate of the present generation."

This was rather a blow. Philippa sighed.

His glance wandered.

"Isn't that the chap who writes over there—the son of Lady Somebody who wrote her memoirs ?"

"That is just who he is," said Philippa with just a trifle of asperity.

"He ought to write your history."

"My history would only be a series of dresses, of dinners and dance tunes," said Philippa with tears in her eyes, suddenly realising the futility of existence.

Randolf's excitement over the arrival of a picturesque and bearded Ambassador gave Philippa the clue to his intense and naïve interest in personalities.

"If you like playing 'Spot the Winners,' we'll sit in the hall after dinner and watch the people arriving for a deb's dance there is here to-night," she humoured him.

"I suppose you know everyone in London ?"

"Those I don't know to talk to I know to talk about."

Ivy St. Helier at Victor's, singing Sophie Tucker's "Paradise Row"

He laughed a loud sudden laugh, which rather startled Philippa. They had their coffee outside.

"There," said Philippa, "is the lovely Marchioness. The pretty girl is her daughter by her first marriage, and behind them, Lord ——, I thought one couldn't come to the Ritz without seeing him. He and his political lady used always to lunch at the table just inside the door when they were on eating terms."

"Who is the stately lady who looks rather like Gloriana ?"

"Funny your saying that. She played Elizabeth in a pageant I went to see in the grounds of a ducal castle in West Sussex when I was at school down there."

"You would like to dance," said Randolf with his usual abrupt irrelevance, jumping up. "Is there any place we could go on to ?"

"Do you like very crowded, very noisy, very dancy places ?"

"*No.*"

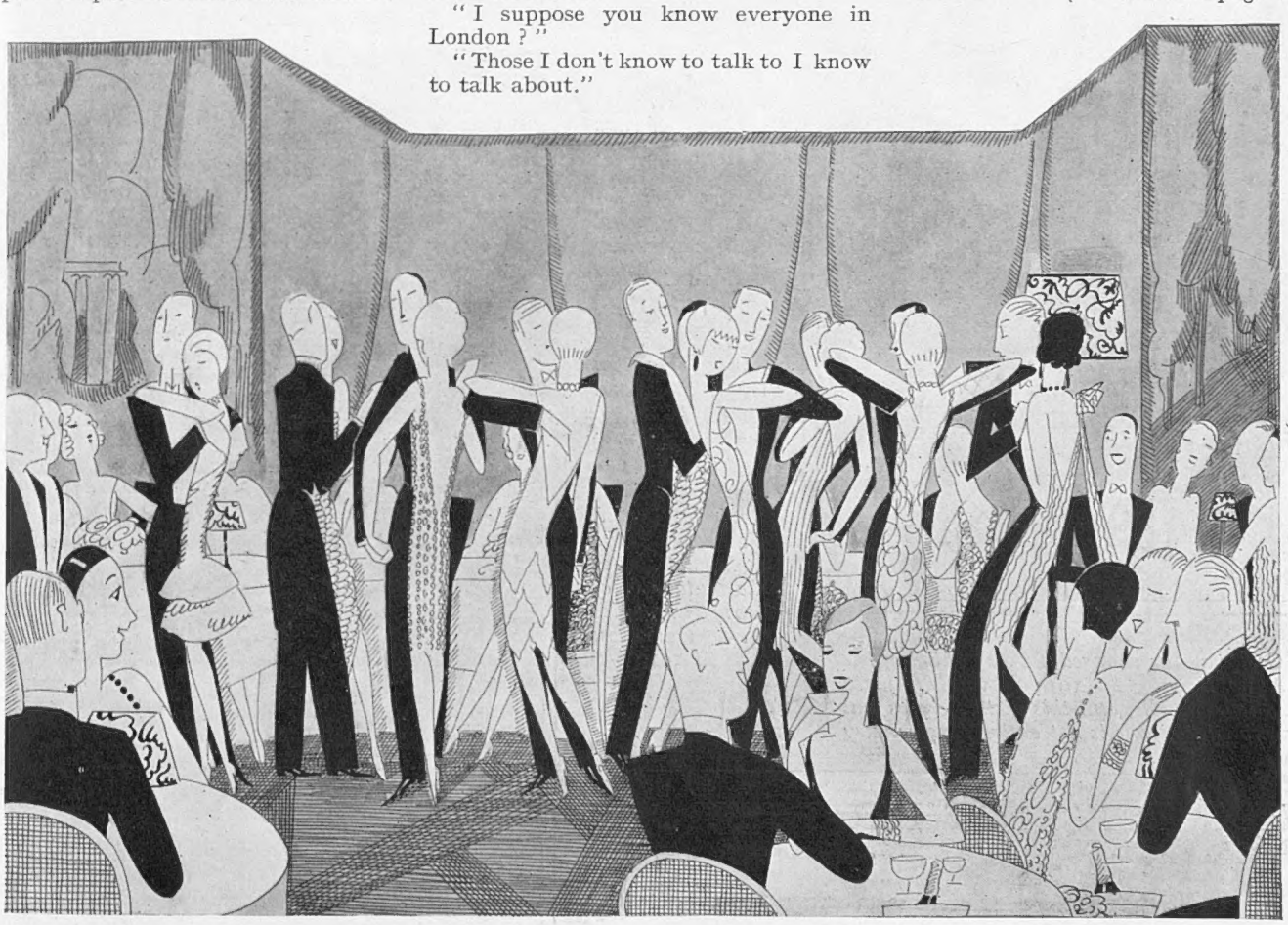
"Then let's go to 'Chez Victor,' in Grafton Street."

"That's not the Grafton Galleries ?"

"No, Victor used to be there, but this is his own show."

"Right. We'll go there."

Ensconced with their backs to the wall in the charming little round room, they were just in time for Max Darewski's exuberant syncopation on the piano. Pretty Molly Dodd danced, and then Ivy St. Helier did her inimitable imitations of celebrities, including a very pretty actress who was present, which pleased everyone, including the victim. (*Continued on page* 602)



As it happens chez Victor

E. O. Hoppé

1912. *Miss Fay Compton, then in her teens and married to Pelissier, wearing a picture hat which was evidently fully conscious of its importance as a frame for her youthful beauty*

Miss Compton has changed her way of doing her hair many times. In 1914 it was demurely parted in the middle, and this picture shows that the fashion for pearls is not entirely momentary

If clothes are to a woman a means of expression, how often she changes her expression! And if their clothes express anything veracious women must have altered out of all recognition in the last ten or fifteen years.

"Time cannot stale nor custom dim her infinite variety," and Fashion is always at hand to foster the mutability of woman. Miss Fay Compton in 1919

Yevonde

OTHER DAYS, OTHER FASHIONS

No. 5

Miss Fay Compton

By VIOLA TREE

Continuing the Special Series of

WOMEN OF THE DAY

No. 5.—Mrs. Hilton Young, formerly Lady Scott

Henry Dixon & Son

Mrs. Hilton Young (Lady Scott) was the sitter for "Lady in a Winged Hat," the picture by Charles Shannon, R.A., which we reproduce above

LADY SCOTT, now Mrs. Hilton Young, has had one of the most remarkable careers that ever God gave to woman; has had, I say, but she has half of her life before her, and is now in the zenith of her physical and intellectual strength.

She, perhaps, is one of the very few women who have the physique usually only given a particularly "fit" man, and the practical brain to adapt that strength to its right purpose. She starts with a man's mind without the handicap, one could say, of a woman's might.

In her life, which is so full of adventure that it is more like a work of fiction when one reads it or hears about it, she has made very few mistakes. One sees the straight line right through without any hesitation at the cross roads or looking back. It is as though the road had been cut by her with the cleanness of a chisel on marble, the chisel and marble which are the foundations of her art.

After living in the country and being educated in a country convent, at eighteen years old she came to London to the Slade School to draw—to learn her job thoroughly (indeed, it is practically impossible not to learn to draw at the Slade, even if you have no talent). But Lady Scott, under Tonks, the artist, showed apparently no great inspiration there (at least we have to take her word for it), so she decided to go to Paris to seek her fortune.

With only £75 a year to live and learn on, she set out. Still, there was the £75, no more and no less, and she knew exactly what she had to deny herself and what would be her maximum.

She was entirely and utterly independent, and that is, I think, where she showed at this early stage qualities so akin to a man's and a realisation that she must be alone.

A woman often on searching for a career chooses a companion to live with, either a sycophant dependent on her or an older woman on whom she depends for advice and often for pocket money. She wanted none of these things. She just went ahead, a solitary figure, and almost by accident—so her life, by Mr. Arthur James, tells us in *The World's Work*—found herself in Colarossi's sculpture school in Paris. He tells us:

"She realised in a very short time that she had found a medium that suited her in a way that painting never would have suited. Within three months she had a work accepted in the Salon, a group of a woman and a baby. A further success soon brought a welcome relief to her meagre exchequer. There was a *concours* in the class; she won a medal, and as an additional prize she was given the desirable post of massier."

This must have been exactly what she loved, for it gave her a little power in the studio and still more liberty, the right to pose models and to choose them and, what was much more, to attend all classes free.

Even this was not enough for her. She must needs live to the tips of her fingers. She swam in the Marne every morning before breakfast, and was at the studio by eight. All day she worked except for the delightful lunch out of doors on the boulevards of Mont Parnasse.

I myself know the joys of a student's life, and though, of course, my hardships in studying singing in Italy were scarcely hardships at all—there *were* days when I knew I could only have eggs *or* salad for my outdoor dinner if the money didn't happen to be forthcoming, and I used to have to save up a good bit before planning an expedition to the mountains. My father allowed me so much, and my great ambition was not to go beyond it.

At the theatre I only went to the furthest gallery seats, and never by any chance took a cab, so I can perhaps sympathise and admire a student with far greater difficulties to contend with, as, of course, she was then unknown, and a far more strenuous and difficult study; but all the despondencies and disappointments to which I was a prey she probably never shared, certainly never the doubts. She knew she was on the right road, was not torn between one teacher and another, between one form of art and another, and when the moment came that she was ready, she knew it and left the studio to see the world, like Benvenuto Cellini she saw it, though not quite competing with that old ruffian, who lived an uproarious life. He was, however, well acquainted with a prison cell.

Hers was not the kind of art to flourish in a cell like Fra Angelico's or on a wild Yorkshire moor like the Brontës.

Her work had to do with men and women, or rather men, for she scarcely ever sculptured a woman. This girl must see what was man's work in the world, and having seen it, while they lived and when they died, she must set it down in stone.

Out she went, first to see the great monuments like Michael Angelo's sculpture in Italy, which was her first destination, then the Acropolis, the granites of Luxor, the art of the Aztecs in Mexico, the Incas of Ecuador, and then beyond this to the world itself—the islands, the seas, the deserts; then back to the realms of man himself, the great towns, the greatest being London.

She made friends everywhere, most of the famous people she has sculptured are her friends, among them Bernard Shaw, Bishop Browne, Colonel Lawrence of Mesopotamia, Galsworthy, Ambassador John W. Davis, Stephen Gwynne, Colonel House, Gustav Hamel, Sir Cecil Smith, and the three Prime Ministers, Asquith, Lloyd George and Baldwin.

Visitors to Wembley had the opportunity of seeing a considerable variety of her work. In the Palace of Arts she exhibited a large head of Mr. Lloyd George, and in the Government Building were three works—one a statuette of a gallant of the fire brigade with hose and helmet, which she hopes one day to perfect as a life-size figure to commemorate the valour of that great force.

Lady Scott told me herself that what she cares much more for than portrait heads are the big things, among the most striking of which is the famous memorial to her first husband, Captain Scott, which now stands in Waterloo Place. Its more beautiful counterpart is in Christchurch, New Zealand, in white marble; the whiteness and stillness seem to suggest the ice and snow, the cold and loneliness of the place where he met his heroic death.

To accomplish this gigantic work, Lady Scott took a few weeks' "rest" from her war labours. In the interval between her work at one of Vickers' munition factories, at which she only missed two days in eleven months, and of her going as private secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, she took a journey to Carrara, where the mountains of marble exist. There she worked at the marble chosen by her and hewn from the quarry itself. A team of huge oxen hauled it into place, Italian workmen rough-hewed

(*Continued on page* 606)

WELLS BRIDGE COTTAGE

By Rudolph de Cordova

Mrs. Martineau with one of her prize-winning Alsatians in the sitting-room. The Great Basque Vaissellière is an effective background for rare and beautiful lustre ware

"NOTHING but a whitewashed cottage," is the characteristically modest manner in which Mrs. Philip Martineau describes the beautiful little house she has fashioned for herself at Ascot, so that it really represents her individuality and reflects her taste as accurately as her mirror reflects her face.

Plain and undecorated though the outside walls are, the interior of Wells Bridge Cottage, as it is called, tells an entirely different story.

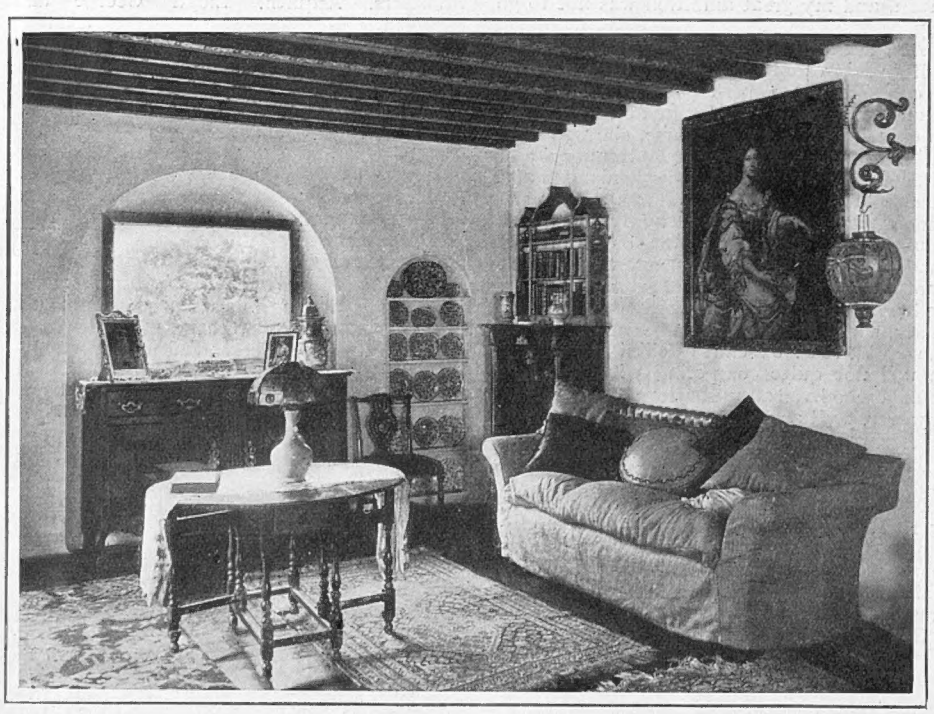
The square hall was copied by Mrs. Martineau from a Basque kitchen she admired when travelling in that country which has supplied her with some notable pieces of furniture. The dado and cornice are of blue and white "trellis" paper and the alcoves are lined with it, producing an effect as charming as it is unusual.

Immediately opposite the door is an Elizabethan cupboard of chip carving. When Mrs. Martineau first saw it in a farmer's house in the village of Hurst, where she used to live, it was covered with whitewash and the farmer had further debased it by using it as a henhouse.

Mrs. Martineau's discerning eye, however, immediately saw what it was. She bought it and redeemed it from the possibly virtuous but undoubtedly base purpose artistically to which it had been put. On the top stands some good pewter.

At right-angles to it is a Henri IV cupboard of rich dark wood, the exact counterpart of one in the Château at Pau.

The entrance to Wells Bridge Cottage and a part of the lovely little garden, where there is a well where the coach horses were watered in the past



The far end of the sitting-room. On the cabinet are autographed photographs of the King and Queen of Rumania. The china was made by the great Josiah Wedgwood for Mrs. Martineau's great-grandfather

Opening from the hall is the tiny dining room. Such a room! It seems to hold the radiance of the golden sun imprisoned within its shining walls. This effect was obtained by distempering the walls with the proper colour and varnishing them so that they reflect and refract all the light that strikes them.

Here again, as in the hall, one gets an example of Mrs. Martineau's passion for Basque furniture in the dining table, more Spanish than French Basque, with curious legs so carved that they seem to be made of balls placed one on top of the other.

Judged by ordinary cottage standards, the sitting-room—ought one to go backwards through Victorianism and call it the parlour?—is exceptional in size and was added on by the owner. In its decoration, therefore, it gave greater scope for the display of Mrs. Martineau's taste. In this she was unexpectedly aided by the acknowledged artistic genius of the Queen of Rumania, whom she is privileged to know.

Everything was ready for Her Majesty's surprise visit. The walls had been rough-plastered with a golden sand found in the neighbourhood; the beamed ceiling, copied from an old house in Angers, had been painted red and stencilled in gold to give a note of richness to the room; the square plate-glass window at the far end had been set beneath

In the hall is a chip-carved Elizabethan cabinet bearing some fine pewter. The portrait is of Dr. Batty, father of the officer who led the Allies into Paris after the fall of Napoleon

a rounded arch in its golden frame so that, looking through it, one saw pictured the lovely landscape painted not by the hand of man but by the hand of God.

The alcoves on each side of the window had been filled with a unique collection of old Wedgwood made by the great Josiah himself for Mr. Martineau's great-grandfather and decorated with a blue of unusual and almost oriental magnificence.

The fireplace of narrow red bricks, set in mortar laid nearly as thick as themselves, had its mantel already adorned with old Staffordshire ware bought at Mrs. Martineau's own price from a Welshwoman who had refused to part with a single piece until she discovered that Mrs. Martineau was herself Welsh.

In their places, too, were the massive pieces of furniture: the Brittany cupboard under the framed window; the Empire cabinet, with its ormolu mounting striking an individual though not incongruous note amid its distinctly different and severer surroundings; the Chinese New Year lanterns of gaily painted and varnished tarlatan for the electric lights hanging from the Florentine water-gilt brackets, and last, but by no means least, the splendid *vaissellier* from another Basque farmhouse which, like the chip cupboard in the hall, was a henhouse when Mrs. Martineau first saw it. Perhaps it is the most treasured, as it is the most massive piece, of the house's furniture. It was not come by without difficulty. It took a deal of bargaining to buy, an operation Mrs. Martineau carried out alone with the aid of a peasant of biting wit and persuasive tongue.

Heterogeneous as are the elements that are collected together they are subtly blended in one harmonious whole in much the same

Mrs. Martineau's gold walled bedroom. Varnished Chinese cretonne is decoratively used in the panels of the wardrobe. The landscapes are Mrs. Martineau's own work

way as the riot of colours in the garden—instead of shrieking against each other—fall into what seems an ordered and inevitable coherence.

This was the room in which the modern big, comfortable furniture was waiting for an inspiration in the shape of a colour scheme.

It was at this psychological moment that the Queen of Rumania opportunely arrived to pay her friend that visit.

"What shall I do with the furniture?" asked Mrs. Martineau, as they sat together at tea.

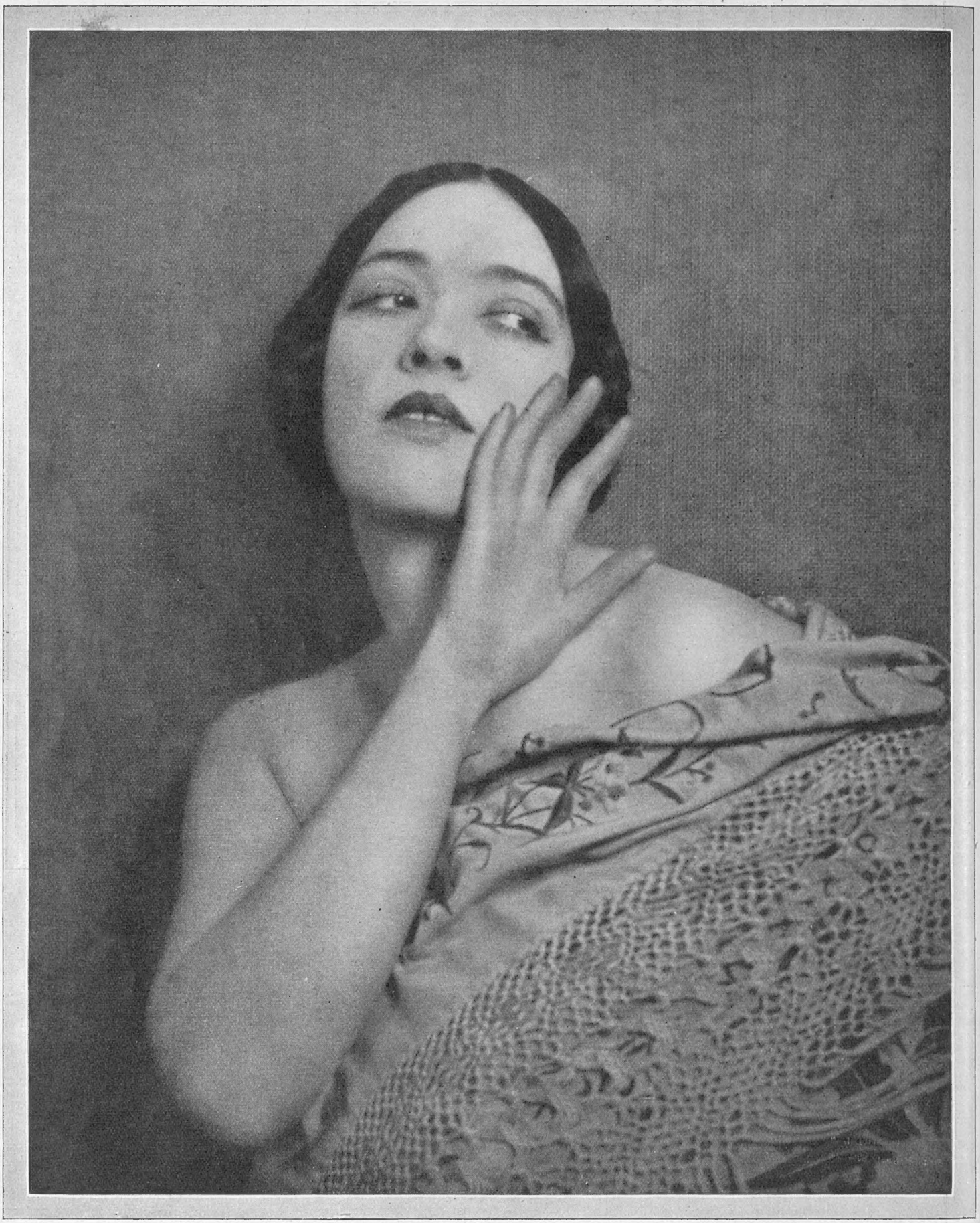
"You must have orange canvas for the chairs and sofa; apricot or orange velvet curtains at the windows, and pile the sofa high with cushions—bright jade, orange, black, and a single one of crude blue to heighten the effect," said the Queen.

It was no sooner said than done. The bold colour-scheme gives the room a joyousness which nothing else could possibly do.

By the simple expedient of using yellow tones in her little bedroom, colouring the

(*Continued on page* 602)

A favourite walk beside the stream that runs through the garden, in which Mrs. Martineau has planted Japanese rhododendrons as well as many other lovely flowers and shrubs



Hal Linden

LAURA COWIE

A new portrait of Miss Laura Cowie who has been playing the principal part in "The Widow's Cruise." Miss Cowie began her theatrical career with Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's and one of her earliest successes was as Anne Boleyn in "Henry VIII" when she endowed a small part with significance and beauty

SECOND THOUGHTS ON FIRST NIGHTS

"Nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards. . . . Mark only, I write not for them."—STERNE

By Sir Topaz

"Easy Virtue"
Duke of York's

WOULD Aubrey Tanqueray have married Paula Jarman if he had been obliged to take her to live with his own people? The answer is: Yes, because Aubrey Tanqueray was fool enough to do anything. John Whittaker had just as little sense as Aubrey. He was one of those curious young men, the constant familiars of playwrights but to be met in no other company, who hang round Continental spas when they are not batting for Oxford or Cambridge, and marry the first good-looking adventuress who comes along without taking the trouble to enquire who her parents were, where she was born, whether she has had husbands before, and if so how many, and what she has lived on in the interim. These young men do not make those enquiries, for the good and sufficient reason that if they did the play concerning them would then and there come to an end. The good young man, you see, is supposed to love his Paula in spite of everything and everybody, to care nothing at all about her past, but to cut up rough as soon as an inconvenient bit of it comes sticking up into the present. That, as a rule, is the play.

"Then I'd be happy!"

Rudolph Valentino with Vilma Banky in the film version of E. M. Hull's "Son of the Sheik" which is due here in the autumn. In this production there is a return to that atmosphere in which "the perfect lover" scored one of his greatest triumphs

MR. COWARD has written this old thing with something of a difference. Perhaps we do not quite believe that John would have taken Larita to live with his own folk in the middle of that quite awful county, but we have got to believe something at the beginning of every play, or we should never have dramatic entertainment at all. Now let us see what happens. Does Larita discover *à la* Paula that she was for a period married to, or kept by, her present husband's stepmother's godson? No. Larita simply discovers that she cannot at any price "stick" John's shiversome mother and that sister of his who is devoted to good works. She discovers what Paula Tanqueray could have told her—that there is no fun in being married among people who really are married. She realises that life in an English country house is one of the shortest cuts to suicide. There is no nonsense, you see, about some spectral past; it is simply the present which cannot by any possibility be put up with. Larita discovers a nice young thing who is perfectly willing to marry John if she will release him. So, after successfully scandalising the county by a display of more jewels than any woman can have had decently bestowed upon her in the course of married love, goes off with a charming scoundrel who happens to be vegetating thereabouts, in hiding, presumably, from his creditors. The orchid having decamped, John marries the little gooseberry. We boggle a little at John, who surely must have been a fool to ask Larita to exchange a life of caviare and champagne for one of milk-pudding and cocoa. But there must be some boggling, one supposes, about every play.

THE piece might be called a *crescendo* in insolence. One does not think that even in the most favourable circumstances Larita could ever have been a permanent success in the Whittaker household, all of which received her with arms formally opened only to press her to bosoms frigid when they were not positively spikey. The female Whittakers were of that charitable sort which finds it safest to believe the worst beforehand, and would really be rather disappointed if it didn't happen. We may almost say that the Whittaker females "asked for it." They certainly got it. They began to get it when they asked Larita seven times in one morning why she did not go out on the lawn and watch the tennis. Larita couldn't suffer fools even when for the moment they were not bent on mischief. Mrs. Whittaker complains that half the things ordered for the ball from Fortnum and Mason haven't come. "Have you telephoned?" Larita asks. "Yes," replies Mrs. Whittaker. "What did they say?" Larita pursues. "They said they were sending them." "Then that's settled," says Larita returning to that novel which Proust, with one eye on the discomfiture of the English county, called "Sodom and Gomorrha." Mrs. Whittaker believed Larita to be unfeeling, whereas Larita knew her mother-in-law to be a fool.

But the Whittakers got into the hottest of hot water when they sent Larita to her bedroom because she had been a naughty woman, and they thought that they could treat her like a naughty child. They proposed to keep her to her room and not allow her to come down to the ball. But Larita did not understand that sort of keeping. Instead, she got herself into a marvellous creation, put on a cartload of jewellery and sailed downstairs, choosing the wife of the local squire for her first attack. It appears that this lady had discharged a flighty servant and bundled her up to Town. "Do you think Rose will be a success in the profession you have sent her to?" asked Larita. And the silence was such that you could have heard a pin drop half a mile away. After which Larita hurled bombs right and left, and having decimated the assembly by some withering machine-gun fire, departed, after saying good-bye to nobody except the butler.

MR. COWARD announced his play as being in three acts, but then he had forgotten the reception which amounted to a fourth. Miss Jane Cowl, the celebrated American actress, is that extraordinary thing—an actress who deserves to be celebrated. It is fatal and foolish to try to appraise the merits of any player by a single performance or a single part. But if Miss Cowl can play half a dozen parts—and they say she is a great Juliet—anything like as well as she [illegible]s

(*Continued on page*

MAY WE DRAW YOUR ATTENTION

To some pictorial records of well-known people

Two proud people at Eton. Mr. Longstaffe chaperones his little sister

On the right is Miss Nancy Bowes-Lyon with her favourite hunter. Miss Bowes-Lyon is a daughter of the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon and a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of York

The Hon. Lady Miller's fishing house-party on the Tweed. Mrs. Gillilan, The Hon. A. Curzon, the Hon. Mrs. F. Curzon, Lady Miller, the Hon. Francis Curzon and Captain Gillilan

Below is Sydney Fairbrother, who has just joined the cast of "The Ghost Train," and her niece, Miss Wilson, with a few of the many animals which she has collected round her in the country. Her ménage includes cats, dogs, goats, rabbits and a donkey, all of which have been rescued

Miss Nancy Bowes-Lyon

ngaged couple

On the left are the Hon. Gilbert Hay, Lord and Lady Kilmarnock's younger son, and his fiancée the Hon. Rosemary Guest, Lord and Lady Wimborne's daughter

I love them all

EVE GOES FISHING IN THE SOCIAL SEAS

The Heart of the Highlands defies the Spirit of London—Floreat Etona —Very Grand Opera

A SURVIVAL

THE Caledonian Ball was held at the Cecil this week. It ought to fit in with EVE's Scottish number, to have been a week later, but it is easy to conceive that Caledonia ignores EVE's Special Numbers as well as its fashion pages. There was the daïs I referred to as an antiquity last week, there the dowager duchesses, family jewels, brocades—yes, and lorgnettes. And the decorously revolving and soberly "reeling" debutantes themselves might, many of them, have stepped out of the pages of the *Graphic* or the *Ladies' Field* in the days before EVE was born. Hairpins, ankle-long skirts, half sleeves and gloves . . . I refuse to accept it as a threat or a prophecy, and am convinced that it was merely a survival. The Scotch are a tenacious race.

The daïs was heavy with duchesses and agleam with jewels. The most resplendent figure on it was the only man, the Maharajah of Gwalior in a coat of orange and gold and a small turban of purple covered, literally, with diamonds. The most attractive tiara was worn by Lady Glentanar, the diamonds mounted on a flexible setting so that they quivered and sparkled at every movement.

The men far outshone the women in splendour and colouring, for not only were decorations worn but court dress and uniforms, many of them of Highland regiments, and *they* were most of them shingled. There were some beards—I *mean* beards, not sporans —to keep the *chignons* in countenance.

H.M. The Queen of Spain

Talking to Sir Horace Rumbold (left) and Captain Charles, in Madrid. Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador to Spain, recently gave a polo cup, played for in Madrid. The King of Spain's team won

Down in Sussex

Lady Rosabelle Brand at the Lewes June Meeting with her son Robin and Captain Stocks. Lord Rosslyn's elder daughter married Major J. C. Brand as her second husband

FLOREAT ETONA

At last, summer weather has occured and one easily succumbs to the temptation to escape for a few hours from traffic and dust and petrol vapour. One of the nicest places to go to if you are a member or have a small friend or relative at school there is the Eton Country Club on the river at Windsor. Rowlands has now become the official school "tuck shop" and though it may be an excellent arrangement from the tutorial and economic point of view, and the "strawberry messes" are are doubtless as good as ever, it seems to me to have destroyed something of the atmosphere of the old days. The Country Club is now *the* place

(*Contd. on page* 561)

Royalty at St. Pancras

Princess Ingrid of Sweden (left) and her brothers Prince Sigurd and Prince Gustavus Adolphus were met at the station by Princess Helena Victoria on their arrival in London last week

THE CAMERA SAYS SNAP AGAIN

And wins the game without any difficulty

The Lord High Commissioner for Scotland and Lady Elgin at a garden party they gave not long ago at Holyrood, when the guests were disabled soldiers. A military band played, and the drums evidently appealed greatly to Lord and Lady Elgin's children, Lord Bruce and the Ladies Jean and Martha Bruce

On the left are Sir Gifford Fox, Miss Maryon-Wilson and Mr. Bell, who were victimised by the photographer down at Eton

Three and "the Fourth"

Lady Margaret Bingham doing escort to Mrs. Parkinson and her baby in Hyde Park. Lady Margaret is Lord Lucan's younger daughter

The Cirencester Polo Club Spring Tournament attracted, as usual, a large audience, including Mr. D. Fullerton, Mrs. Wetherby and Mrs. de Frevelle

W. Dennis Moss

This sporting equipage was seen at the Cirencester Polo Tournament. "Inset" are Mrs. Harold Smith, Mrs. Maddison and Miss Ivy Maddison. The latter, one of America's leading lady riders, has come over on purpose to compete at Olympia

EVE GOES FISHING IN THE SOCIAL SEAS—*continued from page* 559

for the young gentlemen from the Slough Polytechnic as they have been facetiously called by the same humorist who nicknamed their rivals "the Harrods boys"—to lead or be led by friends and relations. Lady Churston and Sir John Norton-Griffiths are on the Committee.

Lord Hopetown and his twin, the Hon. John Hope, were lunching there with their parents the other day; at a table near was another pair of twins, Lord Ruthven's daughters. Lord Halsbury was "socking" his son Lord Tiverton, and Lady Maidstone was walking in the lovely garden with her boy. A contingent of very tidy Etonians was lunching with Sir Augustus and Sir Herbert Cayzer.

THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS

Eton laments the departure of Mr. Billy Bennet, "almost a gentleman" (the man who made the Queen laugh), for America on Saturday to fulfill a three years' contract. Eton and Harrow night next month in London will be less hilarious for his absence. They have "The Blue Boy" and Anita Loos in America already. It really does seem too bad. But I suppose they thought they'd squared the deal when they sent us Paul Whiteman and Hal Sherman.

LES FIANCAILLES

One of the most interesting engagements of the week is that of Mr. Cecil Pim to Miss Sybil Hawkes—not to be confused, as she sometimes is, with Sylvia Hawkes, the actress. Mr. Pim is very popular in London and there will no doubt be some people who regret his secession from the ranks—or should one say "the mess"—of bachelors as well as the very many who sincerely congratulate him and his pretty *fiancée*.

VERY GRAND OPERA

The opera really means something again this year. Not only are some of the finest artists in the world at Covent Garden this season, but socially it is billiant.

At Dame Nellie Melba's farewell performance the King and Queen were present. I was reminded of a Frenchman's genuinely admiring tribute "*elle est si 'digne' et si respectable*" by the Queen's very regal appearance in mauve brocade with a broad bandeau of diamonds round her hair. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort were in their Majesties box, and the Dowager Countess of Minto, Viscount Hampden and Lord Claud Hamilton in attendance.

The Duchess of Atholl wearing her customary bandeau of black velvet round her head, and a gold lace dress, arrived early. Lord and Lady Headfort, Lady Juliet Trevor, Lord Lathom, who is one of the leaders of the musical set in London, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. Courtauld, to whose enterprise and interest much of the success of the present season is due, in her usual box, Sir John and Lady Lavery, Miss Lois Sturt, and Mr. and Mrs. Somerset Maugham were among the crowd of well-known people who represented society and the arts on this memorable night

Lady Alexander, Lady Mond and Lady Cowdray are among the few who adhere to the tradition of wearing long white gloves at the opera.

ASCOT IN ANTICIPATION

I suppose I must not close without a word about Ascot although this goes to press long before the horses go to the post. In spite of rumours of no Ascot and gloomy weather prognostications hundreds of bright coloured chiffon, georgette and lace dresses and wide brimmed hats have gone home in gaily striped cardboard boxes. Black and white had its day—or rather four days—at Epsom. One of the dresses Princess Imeretinsky (who has been presented by her mother, Lady Mullens) is wearing at Ascot is pervanche blue romaine with a wrap trimmed with dyed fox. Her engagement was announced last Ascot week.

One envies the lucky people who are "doing" Ascot from house parties in the neighbourhood, of which there is a phenomenal number this year.

The hostesses include the Countess of Lonsdale, Countess of Cromartie, Lady Penrhyn and Lady Aylesford whose guests include Sir John Rutherford.

Down at Eton

Miss Constantia Fenwick, Mr. Mark Fenwick's youngest daughter, with the Hon. T. D. Mitford. The occasion was, of course, "The Fourth"

Bertram Park

The Hon. Mrs. Mason

Mr. Michael Mason's wife is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Stonehaven. Her husband who is Mr. James, and Lady Evelyn Mason's son, is Unionist candidate for West Islington

Growing up

Here is "Zena Dare's" tall daughter Angela with her mother and her brother Anthony. The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett has lately been playing the lead in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" on tour, after a long and much to be regretted absence from the stage

SO DOMESTIC

Family life from the canine point of view

Binder

This Pekingese bitch and her progeny are the property of a well-known Berlin fancier, Frau Naida Hess. In German Pekingese are described as "Chinese Palace dogs"

It is a curious fact that though dogs are supposed to be the natural enemies of cats they are frequently on very friendly terms with kittens. The scene on the left is an illustration of this fact

Below is Capt. B. Crossley-Meates' Irish wolfhound, Thora of Ifold, with her litter of sixteen, sired by Chivalry of Grevel. Nineteen puppies were actually born but three died. Mass production again!

THE DOGGY WORLD

"Fugleman the Foxhound"; and some notes on the good old English breed of King Charles Spaniels

By Mrs. Carlo F. C. Clarke

I HAVE received for review the most recent of a delightful series of sporting works by Major Harding Cox, entitled "Fugleman the Foxhound." It purports to be the life-story of the leading hound in a famous pack from puppyhood, when he is "walked" in the master's home, and distinguishes himself by winning equal firsts with a kennel companion at the Hound Puppy Show, to the sad end of his hunting career, at the hands of a motor "road hog." There are some really beautiful descriptions of the delights of the early morning meets for cub-hunting, and realistic accounts of topping runs which will stir the blood of the sporting reader, and in some cases, like my own, leave him full of regrets "for the days that are no more." The author has hit on the ingenious and novel idea of making "Fugleman" relate his own life-story to a human friend, Mr. Morgan Wood, who possesses a wonderful telephathic influence over all dogs, and can converse with them without speech. Mr. Morgan Wood is then supposed to transcribe the story and hand the manuscript to Major Harding Cox to deal with. So well is this idea carried out that I fancy many readers like myself will find themselves wondering whether, after all, it may not be true; for surely our own pet dogs can read our thoughts, and we theirs, and this power of the supposed, Mr. Morgan Wood carries us but a very little further?

Major Harding Cox is, of course, particularly well qualified to write a sporting novel, he himself excelling in all sports, and having been Master of the Old Berkeley Hunt for many years; his name is still a household word in Berks and Bucks. Anyone with sporting taste will agree with me that there is nothing more discouraging than to review a book purporting to describe sport, written by one ignorant of its very rudiments. The hero and heroine perform impossible feats on horses picked up for next to nothing, and fed on grass; whilst the "dogs" wag their "tails" etc., till one is tempted to paraphrase the immortal Jorrocks, and implore the author to "Stick to the cackle, and leave the hosses alone"; whereas in this story of "Fugleman," one is carried away from all one's worries, lays the book down with regret, with the hope that Major Harding Cox will give us another soon. Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head. Price 7s. 6d.

The Alsatian seems ever to increase in popularity. Here is Mrs. H. L. Wilson's Felix of Chyngton in charge of Miss Diana Wilson

Fall

Mrs. Raymond Mallock with Ashton-More Domino, one of her winning King Charles Spaniels

Warren

What was that?

THE KING CHARLES SPANIEL

Opinions differ as to the date when these little dogs were introduced into England. Some authorities hold that they were of Japanese origin, were taken to Spain, and from thence imported to this country; others suggest they may have been bred from Cocker Spaniels. Mrs. Raymond Mallock, in her interesting work on the breed, tells us that although there seems but little foundation for any of these theories, it being certain that Toy Spaniels were well established as a distinct breed here in the latter part of the sixteenth century, she is inclined to believe that some outcross was used to obtain the present short-faced specimens.

In any case, these little Spaniels have always been "Royal" dogs from the days of the Stuarts to those of Queen Victoria, whose special pet, "Dash," was one of them. At the same time, it is curious to note that in the nineteenth century some of the best specimens were bred by working men in the East End of London, and sold for big prices.

About 1903 the Kennel Club wished to deprive the breed of its Royal title, registering all the varieties as Toy Spaniels; but it is said that King Edward himself intervened and prevented this.

The Toy Spaniel Club was founded in 1885, when the colours were subdivided into four—King Charles (black and tan), Blenheim (red and white), Prince Charles (tricolour), and Ruby (red); and it was not until 1923 that the Club successfully presented a resolution to the Kennel Club asking that all these varieties should be known as King Charles Spaniels. Five classes and two championships (as they were then styled) were given for Toy Spaniels at the Kennel Club Show in 1884. Only King Charles and Blenheims being then recognised, and there were but nineteen entries.

That the Club immediately set to work to improve the status of the breed is shown, for in 1904 thirty-one classes were provided

(*Continued on page* 610)

Mrs. A. M. Strode with her Alsatian, Pharaoh, a first-prize winner at the Crystal Palace

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Barbara Cartland

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Positive Personal Paragraphs on Pleasantly Pertinent People

By Rudolph de Cordova

Angus Faith

Princess Blücher

BOREDOM AND BOOKS

WHEN Burns wrote those famous lines:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

he had no prophetic vision of the coming of Miss Barbara Cartland, who has performed that office to the entertainment if not the edification of her friends. From them the characters in her two novels "Jigsaw" and "Sawdust" were all drawn so accurately that they actually recognised themselves. Instead of resenting the use thus made of them, they have nearly all made a point of inviting Miss Cartland out to lunch and dinner as if to reassure her of their complacency. "Jigsaw," her first novel, was begun as the result of being bored with the social round and its inevitable dances. When she read the first few chapters to certain members of her family they acknowledged their cleverness, but declared she would never finish the book. That made her furious, so she paused neither by night nor day until the completed MS. lay on her desk.

HYMEN'S HANDMAID

BY reason of her interest in young lovers and the frequency with which she lends her house for their marriage, the Princess Blücher's home is often called the "Home for Brides." To this hymeneal use, however, it can be put during only half the year for the other half is spent on the Prince's estates in Silesia. There the Princess was overtaken by the war and as she had lost her British nationality by her marriage, she was not allowed to return to England while hostilities continued. Before the Armistice was signed, the Princess's mother lay dying. She asked all the time for her absent daughter. The authorities refused a special permit to allow the Princess to return as it would form a precedent for the 2,000 other English wives of Germans in Germany. Eventually the King was petitioned and in consideration of the fact that two of the Princess's brothers had been killed in the war while fighting for England, her mother's dying wish was granted and the Princess arrived just in time to see her mother alive.

THE WOMAN "AIR TAXI" DRIVER

LARGELY through the instrumentality of Mrs. Elliott-Lynn, another barrier against women has been broken down. This was the rule of the International Convention forbidding women to take the "B Licence" for air pilots, enabling them to carry passengers for money. A fortnight ago the Convention changed the rule and Mrs. Elliott-Lynn, having passed all the examinations—on engines, flying machines, meteorology, navigation, night flying, and a cross-country flight of 200 miles—has only to get her certificate to achieve her heart's desire and be a "taxi," flying for fares in the air. Yet it was only on Derby day last year that she made her first flight. So enthusiastic was she to become a pilot that, being then Secretary of the Ladies' Athenæum Club, she got up early to have her lesson before breakfast. Since then she has piloted herself over 12,000 miles. People seeking for thrills must find something less commonplace than flying, in Mrs. Elliott-Lynn's opinion, for she regards it as no more thrilling than motoring and for a journey safer than the train and considerably more pleasant.

Lenare

Mrs. Elliott-Lynn

Lallie Charles

Mrs. Frank Worthington

THE AMATEUR ACTRESS MANAGERESS

CONFRONTED with choosing between marriage and the stage, Mrs. Frank Worthington selected amateur acting. So enamoured was she with dramatic art from the time she was a girl that, instead of a coming-out party, her mother built a theatre in the drawing room for her and she gave a performance. Since then, she has probably appeared in more plays of such distinguished dramatists as Pinero, Wilde and Henry Arthur Jones than any other amateur actress. Now, however, she plays only in original plays as she thinks it is more interesting for her audiences than to give them work they have already witnessed done by professional players. Her skill in selecting plays, her acting enthusiasm and skill, and her business ability have combined to make her the most sought after amateur manageress in London to raise funds for hospitals and children's institutions. To these, in five-and-a-half years, she has handed over nearly £9,500, and the performance she is giving at the Scala on June 24 will net several hundreds more.

LA SIFFLEUSE

ON one occasion, King Edward is reported to have said that if he had to earn his living he could easily do so by going to America and lecturing on Kings he had known. Were Lady Newnes, who is the daughter of the late Sir Albert de Rutzen, the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate of London, and the late Lady de Rutzen, faced with a similar problem, she could solve it by whistling on the stage. Such is her gracious womanliness; it belies the familiar proverb:

"A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither good for gods nor men!"

Lady Newnes whistles as sweetly as a blackbird and with the flexibility of a coloratura soprano. She is, likewise, an accomplished musician, playing the violin and the piano, and she composes with skill. Few women in Society find more time to devote to charitable institutions and objects. As a traveller she has been all over the world and attended the Press Conference in Australia with Sir Frank. A Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, she recently returned from the pilgrimage made by the Knights of the Order to the lands of the Crusades.

Lady Newnes

TALENTS AND VERSATILITY

UNLIKE most women who drop their old interests when they marry, Lady Stern still keeps up as far as possible the pleasant occupations which filled her life in her father's home. Devoted to music, she cultivates her charming voice with a professional teacher as she did when a student of the Royal Academy of Music. During the war, she was indefatigable in her attendance at St. Dunstan's, singing and playing, acting, and organising plays for the amusement of the inmates. Once, when giving the one-act play, "Gentlemen, the King" with a complete cast of blind men, the leading actor went down with the 'flu just before the performance. With no time to find a substitute, Lady Stern, who knew the part as she knew all the others, got a grey wig, had a uniform altered to fit her, and acted the character to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Lady Stern also ran a shop in Baker Street for the benefit of actresses, artists and musicians thrown out of work by the war. At another time she devoted herself so wholeheartedly to work with the Belgian soldiers that the King of the Belgians bestowed the Queen Elizabeth Medal on her.

Lady Stern

GETTING MARRIED

Interesting Weddings and Engagements

Vandyk

The Moore–Bibby Wedding

Miss Mary Bibby, daughter of the late Col. A. Bibby, was married to Mr. C. P. Moore, the King's Regiment, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Married in London

Mr. E. Gervais Tennyson D'Eyncourt, only son of Sir Eustace Tennyson D'Eyncourt, and his charming bride, formerly Miss Pamela Gladstone

Mrs. E. Galliano

Formerly Miss "Tommy" Saward, the only daughter of Mr. H. G. Saward. Her marriage to Mr. Ernest Galliano took place on June 5

Lafayette

The Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Pery

Lord Limerick's half-brother, married Miss Angela Trotter, the late Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Trotter's daughter, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square

Rita Martin

Miss Bridget Clay

Hay Wrightson

Miss Gore-Langton

The Hon. Grenville Gore-Langton's pretty daughter is engaged to Mr. George E. G. Hope-Johnstone

Miss Clay (left) is engaged to Mr. W. W. Brough Scott, late the Royals. She is the only daughter of Mr. C. S. Clay, of Wyndcliffe Court, Chepstow

"Oh! Mister Porter, whatever shall I do?
I want to go to Birmingham, but they've sent me on to Crewe."

"Humphrey . . . was joining in the loquacious life of London's night clubs"

Fifth instalment of ROSE MACAULAY'S *new Novel*

"CREWE TRAIN"

Illustrated by Keith Bryant

WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED TO—

DENHAM, who owes her strange name to her dead mother's favourite village in Buckinghamshire, at twenty-one is a long limbed, loosely built young woman, with a sunburnt skin and small brown eyes under sulky black brows, who has been brought up by her father

MR. DOBIE, a clergyman, who, having just enough money to live penuriously without industry, settled in Andorra. Here he contracted a second marriage with the handsome daughter of a local smuggler, who destroyed his peace and gave him four hybrid children.

DENHAM'S AUNT EVELYN, her mother's sister, and her three children,

AUDREY, NOEL and GUY, visit the Dobie family in their mountain fastness. Mr. Dobie had a stroke and died. On receiving the news Aunt Evelyn decided that it was her duty to adopt her sister Sylvia's girl.

Denham was sullen; she did not want to go with these people, but she was dazed, dazzled, helpless, and she knew that she certainly would go.

HUMPHREY, another of Denham's cousins, started for England in the motor diligence with the rest of his family and Denham, but at the frontier made an excuse to return to Andorra, because he was infatuated with Paquita Jaime, a handsome Andorran peasant.

PETER GRESHAM, Denham's uncle by marriage, was a bland, shrewd little publisher. His town house was a centre of social life and entertainment. Nothing Denham had ever seen before was in the least like London. She presumed that Londoners were mostly mad.

Her aunt bought Denham clothes and had her shingled. People called her a fine looking young woman, but she lacked standards, could not understand the necessity of conforming to a ritual. She asked "Why?" about everything.

Humphrey came home sick of love and disillusioned; he returned to his bachelor chambers in Shepherd's Market and resumed his writing of belles lettres.

Finding him with the family when she returned grimy from the Zoo, Denham asked outright what they were all wondering:

"Did you bring Paquita to London?" and then realised she had offended Humphrey and shocked the family. The Grahams gave a party at which they had real Llamas fresh from Thibet, and everyone thought them "wonderful," but Denham said she supposed they were "ordinary where they came from—just clergymen."

ARNOLD CHAPEL, a tall, dark young man with a pleasant smile, who had met Denham at a dinner and first night with the Greshams found Denham interesting and stayed beside her all the evening, and Denham began to feel exhilarated by talking like a real person at a party and drinking claret-cup.

CHAPTER III

GIVING A PARTY

3

Evelyn enjoyed her party. This high, happy hum and buzz of people talking on a top note, neither rising, falling, nor pausing, was very musical to her. Nice people chattering together, all in their good clothes, enjoying themselves, refreshing themselves with her well-arranged foods and drinks, looking charming (those who could), talking cleverly (again, those who could), chitter-chattering like a turning mill-stream, greeting one another with ejaculations of pleasure, admiring the llamas in their alcove (who were now being fed with foods carefully designed as suitable to llamas)—one's friends thus gathered together were really the meaning and the heart of life. Evelyn felt graceful, felt young, felt in tune with her friends, liked herself in her old green dress. She talked to everyone; she felt she was being a good wife to Peter, for she talked to his young literary aspirants, who didn't count yet, but who, Peter hoped, would some day. She introduced them to those who did already count; for she, too, like Catherine, distinguished between counting and not counting; and indeed, to do this is one of the first social lessons; one of the next is to be kind to those who do not count, and this Evelyn had never needed to learn, for she was of a very kind nature. She, too, noticed

(though she never seemed to notice anything, with her wide, strange, elfin stare and unceasing chatter) Denham and Arnold Chapel. Having noticed them, she looked round to see where Audrey was, and saw her being, as usual, charming and capable and nice and, thought her mother, looking a dear. Noel was there too, exquisite and childish and rather quiet, with a long-legged college friend. These two young girls seemed (as the universities will) in London yet not altogether of it; their hearts and minds were elsewhere.

4

But Audrey and Guy were wholly of London. Guy moved from person to person, being agreeable, amusing himself and others, liking to hear himself talk, entertaining his friends with well-found tales which had neither foundation nor coating of truth. Guy as a dinner-table *raconteur* would go far. He could tell good stories in four languages, and in none of them needed the assistance of fact. Guy would make his mark in diplomatic circles.

Audrey, in the intervals between being a good hostess, was being happy with a brilliant young French actress who had her heart. Audrey, in her composed and cheerful way, was subject to these admirations. The stage, in particular, had glamour for her; she went, like her father, to every first night imaginable, and cultivated actors and actresses, introducing them to such of her friends as were dramatic critics. She was an intelligent girl, and could discuss drama quite as well as was necessary, that is to say, as well as other people could discuss drama. Denham, listening to her, would sigh, for she knew that, however far she got along the road of culture, she would never get as far as that.

5

A crowd of handsome, chocolate-coloured men and women ran into the room, with loud ejaculations of politeness. Humphrey had invited them; they came from a Soho dancing cabaret and, before that, from the Sudan. They had fuzzy hair and noble features and happy expressions and splendid bodies only slightly clad. Humphrey went forward to receive them.

"Dear me," said Evelyn. "Humphrey really should have warned us. They look terribly hungry, but I don't know what they like to eat. That's the awkward part of it; I don't know what they eat. And the llamas aren't a bit pleased; I'm sure they can't be. You can't tell, with llamas, because their faces aren't expressive, but I'm sure they're terribly hurt. It's making them like part of a Barnum show, instead of distinguished guests. Humphrey shouldn't have done it."

"Humphrey's always in with natives," said Audrey. "They look a little like Denham, don't they? But they smile more. I like them."

Humphrey was introducing the Sudanese to his parents; he called them all by their names, like the stars.

"We're so delighted to see you," said Evelyn. "Yes. It was terribly nice of you to come." But still, she was worried, thinking of the llamas. And she was right, for the llamas, led by their chief, were rising in offended silence and collecting all their presents in a large basket which they had brought for the purpose. Peter, through the interpreter, begged them to remain.

"The Grand Llama says," the interpreter reported in some embarrassment, "that it is time they went home."

"My dear fellow, you've left out the gist of it," said Peter. "They don't care for the fuzzies; isn't that it?"

"Well, Asiatics and Africans, of course . . . ."

"You must tell them," said Peter, "that the Africans are a mistake. They've mistaken the house, come to the wrong party, d'you see."

The interpreter passed this on.

"The Grand Lama says, in that case, would it not be advisable to tell them of their mistake, that they may find their right destination?"

"Well——" Peter helplessly fingered his glasses and fidgeted. "Now they *are* here, don't you know, one can't well turn them from the doors. So deucedly inhospitable and all that. At least, I suppose one can't. Humphrey, come here a moment. Those infernal fuzzies of yours have upset the llamas; can't you take them away to some night-club and give them drinks?"

"They've just come from a night-club," said Humphrey. "And I should say they've had quite enough drinks. They're going to dance now. What's the matter with the llamas about them? What snobs Thibetans are! If they aren't pleased, let them go. We're all going to dance."

"Oh, well, it can't be helped. Le Mesurier, you tell them we're all very sorry and all that, but we can't turn our guests out, even when they're uninvited. Tell 'em the fuzzies are charming fellows, very important, and distinguished and religious and all that."

"Oh, they know all about fuzzies, I'm afraid. But I'll tell them."

"It's no use," said Guy. "They've taken offence. They're going home to bed. Or

(*Continued on page* 569)

"Audrey . . . was being happy with a brilliant young French actress who had her heart"

Designed for the popular promenade matinale is a neat jumper suit in blue rep with bands of its own material for sole trimming, and a straight collar finished with a tie of foulard

The ever useful tweed coat re-avows its allegiance to the straight line, enrols a buckled belt, large flat square pockets, and borrows the novel idea of sleeves tight at the wrists

A double breasted black cloth coat with a wrap-over skirt of the fashionable pied de poule and the inevitable buttonhole, strikes the note of the moment with no uncertain touch

"CREWE TRAIN"—*continued from page* 567

wherever llamas do go when they leave parties. Well, they've done their turn ; it's the fuzzies' number now."

The llamas filed out, with the grave courtesy for which llamas are noticeable, even when offended. The Sudanese took the floor, lithe and handsome as panthers, with gesticulations and ejaculations of happiness. They danced alone and with one another, twirling, whirling, leaping and snapping the fingers. They infected the rest of the party, and the Europeans took the floor too, footing it in the sober walking movements of the modern dance.

"Shall we ?" Arnold Chapel asked of Denham. "All right."

Someone was playing dance music. The chocolate people spun and leaped to it, and the white people walked to it, holding one another close.

English dancing was stupid, thought Denham, for, if you dance at all, why not dance quickly, why not spin and leap like an African, and get some fun out of it ? English people had done so before the war, Evelyn had told her, before the terrible war which had sobered us all so. When she was young, dancing was freer and gayer and more rowdy. So was everything else, including boys and girls. Anyhow, since this was now the way one danced in England, one had to conform to it, and one wandered about the room with one's partner, keeping step, keeping time, glad not to have to talk and to be using, in however demure and ladylike a way, one's body. Arnold was a good partner, easy and light-footed. He held the strong firm body of this unknown girl, and clasped her strong, firm hand.

Unknown ; that was what they were one to the other, and strangeness grew in both, the breathless strangeness of a mystery. She was not what he was familiar with, not one of the jolly, knowledgeable, companionable girls who made his world ; she was strange, like a clergyman from Thibet or a fuzzy from the Sudan. Strange, like beauty and adventure and far countries . . . .

To her, he too was strange and admirable ; he embodied the grace and the culture of the life into which she had been swept, of the civilisation in which she was a stumbling *débutante*. He stood high above her on the road on which her feet were set. Further, he was graceful and lithe and strong, and his dark eyes smiled at her as they danced.

The brown people suddenly stopped, and bowed to the white, as if they had been performing at a cabaret. They wiped their glistening faces, and their hosts gave them to eat. The white people stopped dancing, too, and gathered round the brown, watching them eat. "They like *foie gras*," said Humphrey, and gave it them.

It was a ridiculous party ; one felt that anything might happen, and any person of any colour come in. It was more like a variety entertainment at the Coliseum than a party. Denham thought better of parties than she had before, especially when the chief Sudanese, after his food, began to spin round and round like a top. Anyone would think they had been paid to perform at the Greshams' party, but they had not; they had merely come as Humphrey's friends, and these were their ordinary evening habits.

"I wonder how soon he'll be sick," thought Denham, interested, watching the spinning chief.

"The boys are too absurd," said Evelyn. "I can't imagine where they pick their friends up. I hope Humphrey isn't really intimate with all those brown women. He carries his friendships with women too far. And they're the type he likes ; he doesn't care for ordinary English girls, they bore him. Bore him , you know. Humphrey's terribly easily bored."

"Good-bye, my dear ; such a lovely party."

The white guests began to go home to bed, or wherever white guests go when they leave parties. It is less easy to rid yourself of brown guests, and at last Humphrey had to take them away himself, to the nearest night-club, where they settled down to play mah-jong.

6

The Greshams sat round their dining-room and consumed such food as their brown and white guests had left them, and talked, which is what hosts and hostesses do when their parties go. Denham noticed that even they seemed glad that the party was over.

They talked about their guests of both colours. They agreed that it was a pity about the llamas having been offended, but that llamas were obviously offended too easily. Guy told stories of other things which had offended llamas, and of action taken by them in consequence. They all thought he had better go round in the morning and placate the llamas. They wondered if Humphrey had yet got rid of his Sudanese. Peter wondered what impression had been made by the young lady whom he had been introducing to reviewers and editors as the author of a brilliant first novel he had just published. Guy feared that the impression had been one of such plainness of feature that the young lady had been better unintroduced and left to the editors' and reviewers' imagination. Peter agreed that it was certainly unfortunate that intelligence and beauty in young females were so often found divorced. No oftener, Noel's friend put in, than in young males. Peter dared say not, but then who cared about beauty in young males ? It seemed that all the ladies present did so. However, Peter believed that editors and reviewers did not agree with them. He liked his woman authors to have looks ; when, as in this case, they had few, and those of the wrong kind, the personal introduction might well be damaging.

Then they began to gossip about the love affairs of others, and the latest quarrels, literary, political and personal, between people they knew, and Evelyn and Audrey, as ladies sometimes will, late at night, mentioned an acquaintance who was, so they said, a victim to drugs. Denham and young Oxford who did not think the nourishment consumed by others an interesting topic for discussion, went to bed.

Denham's room was next to that of Noel and her friend, and long after she was in bed she heard them talking. For even Noel talked late, could not, it seemed, cease from this so fascinating exercise of the tongue. She and her friend might talk about different things from the others ; they might not discuss the love affairs or drugs of others, or retail amusing stories which had been imparted to them in confidence ; but certainly they talked. How wonderful, thought Denham, it must be to be able to think of all those things to say. In Andorra and Mallorca it had been precisely the same ; nearly everyone had talked all the time. Talking is one of the creative arts, for by it you build up things that have, until talked about, no existence, such as scandals, secrets, quarrels, literary and artistic standards, all kinds of points of view about persons and things. Let us talk, we say, meaning, let us see what we can create, or in what way we can transmute the facts that are into facts that are not yet. It is one of the magic arts. The trouble about it is that, even more than the other arts, it is practised by the stupid, who can create nothing worth creating.

The Greshams, however, were not stupid. At the hour of 2.30 a.m. Peter was getting into bed, wishing that Evelyn would come up, because he had a great many more things he wanted to say before morning ; Catherine, in her little study in Smith Square, was hearing from her husband the story of the evening in the House ; Evelyn, Audrey and Guy were gossiping round the broken meats in their dining-room ; Noel and her friend were lying in bed, talking about the problematic careers of such of their friends as had gone down that term ; and Humphrey, with a score of chocolate men and women, was joining in the loquacious life of London's night-clubs.

Only Denham, having nothing to say, was sleeping the sleep of the stupid, of the lower animals, who eat and drink and play and lie down to rest, and say nothing about it.

(*To be continued*)

"Denham's room was next to that of Noel and her friend, and long after she was in bed she heard them talking"

Yevonde

WITH HER DAUGHTER HERMIONE: LADY DORIS GUNSTON

Lady Doris Gunston, who is a niece of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, married in 1922. *Her husband, Capt. Cecil Bernard Gunston, used to be in the Coldstream Guards and has the Military Cross. He is a kinsman, through his mother, of the Duke of Wellington. Little Miss Hermione Gunston celebrates her third birthday this year*

"TALKING ABOUT BOOKS..."

A Critical Causerie of Good Reading

By Richard King

Robbins

Olive Gregory

The author of "Is it Possible?" (the Bodley Head) just published, and "The Spice of Life," Miss Gregory was educated in Belgium and Germany. She drove for the Y.M.C.A. in France during the war

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS

"Mainly About Women," by Alfred Edye (Bles), 3s. 6d.
"The Tramp of the Young Men," by Francis Cunynghame (Simpkin), 7s. 6d.
"The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie (Collins), 7s. 6d.

WOMEN are by nature possessive. I don't mean to say they love to hoard (as a rule they don't); but what belongs to them they yearn to be their's alone and absolutely. However small the kingdom may be over which they rule, they hate to share that kingdom with another, even if that other be only an "influence." Signs of indifference, of callousness, of not-caring, hurt a woman to a far greater extent than any man is injured by them. When they love they inwardly grudge their lovers any interests, any affections, almost any friendship in which they cannot share. It is, of course, a virtue; although like most virtues, when pressed to extremes, it can ruin the happy "atmosphere" more successfully than vice. Most men are restless animals, and unless they can indulge in that restlessness sufficiently to make them feel that to some small extent anyway they are "free," sooner or later they will hate the invisible chains which seem to hold them down as by fetters. The wise wife preceives this. Not only does she allow her husband to lead some small part of his life in his own way, but, if she be very wise indeed, she accords herself the self-same privilege. Nothing is so dull at last as knowing everything about another and he knowing everything about you. Sooner or later, only a mutual crisis can revive conversation. To guard just a small part of file for yourself alone is not only a line of safety, but also one rule of happiness. That is often why a woman's nature is woman's greatest handicap. She is rarely completely happy unless she is giving herself absolutely. The pity is that also she demands the same complete surrender in the man she loves. When Byron wrote:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart
'Tis woman's whole existence,"

he wrote a truth which every woman, knowing it to be only too true, hates to acknowledge. It seems to cheapen her in her own eyes. Perhaps because she knows how generally fatal it is to pin all one's faith, all one's dreams on human love, when human love is born and dies, and is born again so often, and there is no fixity of purpose in it from one Spring fever to another. Only affection endures, and mere affection rarely satisfies a woman when, once upon a time and from the same man, she received passionate love. At least, not until she is growing old in contented resignation; when the wise perceive that affection springs from the real "soul" and, thank Heaven! not from the glamour of desire. All the same I always feel pity, rather than sympathy, for the woman who goes about *demanding* love, without making the least effort to deserve it. They live peevishly waiting for love to come to them, as if, just because they happen to be women, fate is their enemy if it does not bring love to them with both hands. But love

WIT AND WISDOM FROM THE NEW BOOKS

"Man has never been able to live without awareness of the supernatural. He has never been able to shake off the companionship of the invisible."

"Any conviction which liberates the mind from perplexity or defeat, giving life at the same time a clear and well-marked course of action, ends inevitably in a spirit of intolerance."

"Science has made its conquests by the discovery that error of any kind is fatal to power. Theology has yet to discover that hypocrisy is even shameful."—From "Broken Light," a short study in the varieties of Christian Opinion, by Harold Begbie (Mills & Boon), 5s.

"If every man and woman told the scandal of their own lives there would be no more amusement for half the clubs and restaurants in Europe."

"There is a degree that one reaches which is extremely dull—and that is when there is no longer anything new to do or anything more to rise to."—From "The Tramp of the Young Men," by Francis Cunynghame (Simpkin), 7s. 6d.

Fred Daniels

Max Eastman

Author of "Leon Trotsky," to be published shortly by Faber and Gwyer. Mr. Eastman was born in New York State. Both his parents were preachers. He has been an editor, a poet and a revolutionary, and holds the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The Soviet publishers disapprove of his portrait of Trotsky and have refused to publish it on the grounds that Mr. Eastman has studied Trotsky from the psychological rather than the economic point of view. Mr. Eastman's home is in America, but he has been living for some time in Europe

is not so much a gift as an art. It has its own rules, its own technique. Of course, it's as easy as winking—to be kissed in the dark at the back door, so to speak. But to gain love and to keep it requires a subtlety amounting almost to genius. Love is blind, so they say. But, although the blindness of love requires no effort at the beginning, in order to keep it blind it must be cultivated as a philosophy. Otherwise, the teeny-weeny annoyances can so easily obscure the vital glories. To disregard the unessentials is at once the most difficult of love's problems, as well as the one "answer" which will solve them all. Nevertheless, it is as well that to most men Woman is the eternal mystery. Otherwise, the world would be strewn with feminine victims more completely than it is. An American has just been charged with marrying forty-seven women in two years. They can't have been a "mystery' to him, can they? He must have known so well how exactly to go about solving it, that it can have been to him as little complicated as a simple sum in arithmetic. I suppose he added flattery to arousing their pity, leavening the whole by that tenderness which few women can resist, and, behold! the lady was his! No, it is just as well that Men do not understand Women, for what woman would then be safe? In "Mainly About Women" Mr. Alfred Edye gives some valuable recipes, which every married woman should see for herself that her husband never learns. This, for example: "If you go away on business or on pleasure, and write and tell your loving spouse that you are having a very good time, do you suppose it pleases her? Not a bit of it, however she may disguise the fact. She will probably ring you up the moment she receives your letter or take the next train down to see what you are up to. If you really want to please her, tell her you are having a rotten time, and are very lonely and that you wish she were there. Then she will be delighted. A woman can be happy in her man's absence only if she is thoroughly convinced that he is miserable without her. She loves to be missed. Men are apt to take women for granted once they think they know them. A woman seldom makes that mistake. The man she loves is always under observation. She is watchful and alert, quick to detect signs, real or fancied, that he is getting restless or out of hand. She studies him so well that she knows his weak spots, his vulnerable points, the time and season for tenderness, resentment, or tears." She is, as I wrote at the beginning, a *possessive* creature. Also, many other of her "secrets" are revealed by Mr. Edye in his readable little book. And not only her "secrets," but the variety of her type. Who does not know the "Whispering Woman" who takes you aside and whispers mysteriously in your ear that, if only she dare tell you *all*, there would be nothing you might not know. She is always half-telling you "secrets" and there's absolutely nothing in them when once you have learnt what they are about. But does she care? Not the least. The fact that she has drawn you aside and whispered something in your ear, is her form of flattery, her way of making you interested in her. And who does not know the "Sweet Woman," who is all sweetness and sugary pose. The "Sweet Woman," the author tells us, "needs watching." They do—especially if they are too, too sweet. And again, who does not know the "Leaning Woman"—who always gets her own way and everything done for her, both great and small, merely by a pretended helplessness, assuming the pose of a bewildered femininity in a world where Man is a woman's protector and knows so much more than *she* ever can. The chapter, too, on "Her Husband's Friends" is also very true. Very amusing as well is the chapter on "A Slump in Good Women"—showing how the adjective "good," when nowadays applied to a woman, makes her feel inwardly infuriated; the greatest compliment to her virtue being expressed by a wounded soldier to the smart lady who was kind to him in hospital: "You are a good woman," he said, "although you don't look it." In fact, "Mainly About Women" is a most amusing and very readable little book. More a series of observations than essays; but observations which are not only "revealing" but hit quite a number of metaphorical nails right bang on the head.

Lafayette Ltd.

Miss Felicity Hutchinson

The debutante daughter of Sir George Thompson Hutchinson, the head of the publishing firm of Hutchinson and Co. Lady Hutchinson is to give a dance for her in Pont Street on June 29

T. F. Powys

A new photograph of the author of "Innocent Birds," published by Chatto and Windus. Mr. Powys, now a man of fifty, was born in Derbyshire, and educated privately. He has lived for the past twenty years in East Chaldon, Dorset, a village which is supposed to be bewitched

WHAT A "BAD" WOMAN CAN DO

The world is irritatingly small when it's a question of always meeting the wrong people, and appears as limitless as space when it's a question of meeting the right ones. The world was indeed tragically confined for Captain Hughessen and Eve Lacon; two of the characters in "The Tramp of the Young Men." For Eve, although of course he did not

(*Continued on page 606*)

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

"If I Know What I Mean,' by Elsie Janis (Putman), 7s. 6d.

A book of "confessions" as witty and bright and amusing as Elsie Janis is on the stage. Incidents in her own theatrical career; stories of her home-life and the famous men and women she has met, all sandwiched in between passages of her own delightfully feminine philosophy. For example, this bit of advice might well be taken to heart by all mothers and daughters: it contains, perhaps, the secret which can make of that friendship between mother and daughter the most beautiful relationship in life. "The Siamese twins," she writes, "were estranged as compared to mother and myself. When I was 'little Elsie,' aged about seven and undoubtedly quite an annoying, precocious child, Mother never tucked me away and breezed off to parties. She took me everywhere, with the result that I met many strange people in many places. And now that I am, well . . . a lot past seven, I never tuck Mother away, with the result that she meets many more people in much stranger places!" Altogether this is a most amusing and readable book which Miss Janis has written. I enjoyed every page of it.

Aline Ellis at work

At her home, Ebury Lodge, Kingsbury. Her Welsh pony mare and foal are favourite models, as are her numerous dogs

Modelled from life

Photographs by Edgar and Winifred Ward

CHARACTER IN CLAY

Aline Ellis and her work

Aline Ellis, whose exhibition in pottery of horses, hounds and dogs, opened at the Sporting Gallery on June 12, has a wide knowledge of horses and their characteristics through her inborn love of animals. She learnt to ride as a very small child, and from her earliest days drawing and carving animals was a passion with her. After studying for four years under Lucy Kemp-Welch, she painted many portraits of horses and dogs, but later modelling in clay appealed to her more and more, and after the war she adopted pottery as the medium for best expressing the personality of animals. Miss Ellis's exhibition remains open till June 26

A DEVON BEAUTY SPOT

Colonel and Mrs. Balfour and their daughter

Colonel Balfour and his daughter

Colonel John Edmond Heugh Balfour used to be in the 11th Hussars and is Honorary Colonel of the 1st Devon Imperial Yeomanry. He was awarded the D.S.O. in the South African War, and made a C.M.G. during the European War, in which he was "mentioned." Colonel Balfour is a former High Sheriff of Devon

Pictures in the fire: Mr

Photographs by

The Man

AND ITS OCCUPANTS

at home at The Manor, Sidmouth

lfour in reflective mood

pton Collier

idmouth

"Where the lazy daisies grow"

Mrs. Balfour is a daughter of the late the Hon. R. J. Gerard-Dicconson of Wrightington Hall, Lancashire. Her marriage took place in 1910, *and two years later Miss Betty Evelyn Petronella Balfour was born. Colonel and Mrs. Balfour's home, The Manor, Sidmouth, is architecturally very attractive and has a delightful garden*

Miss Compton Collier

LADY DAVSON, O.B.E., AND HER SON GEOFFREY

Lady Davson, the elder daughter of Elinor Glyn the novelist and a kinswoman of Sir Arthur Glyn, Bt., is the wife of Sir Edward Davson. Her husband, who is President of the Associated West Indian Chambers of Commerce, is presiding over the West Indian Conference now sitting daily in a room in the House of Lords

FASHION WOOS THE WEATHER

Gay little shoes step forth gaily, while flimsy frocks and floppy hats hurry to meet the tardy summer time

By Meander in Paris

To brim or not to brim is the question that makes uneasy the heads that wear the crowns to-day. This black straw flatly trimmed with coloured cock feathers is from Louise Marsy

Weather permitting, Georgette suggests a hat to wear with summer dresses at garden parties and races meetings, of fine beige which has nonchalantly trailing floral trimming

WE have survived Whitsuntide, and the trippers and we are bravely facing the invasion of American tourists. The hotels and the dressmakers are ready for them, and no one may hope to find rooms easily or inexpensively during the summer months unless they "know the ropes."

Hats are the first things foreign visitors buy in Paris—hats to wear for luncheon. Dresses to dine and dance in come next. The big hat is now coming really into fashion, and though it may not stay long it will have its day and its say. When I was having tea at the Ritz the other day I saw several hats which, in comparison with the little hats we have worn for so long may be called big. I wish I liked them, but I do not. They are out of proportion with short, slim skirts. A big hat looks charming when worn with a race dress, a garden party dress, or at a wedding with a little, slim, straight, everyday ensemble in kasha it looks all wrong. A skirt must flow to keep in step with a big hat.

Of course everyone is going to the races. The weather has not been kind enough long enough to give many people the heart to wear their most fragile summer clothes, but light colours at any rate have been worn and that helps us to imagine that it is summer time. It is not easy to decide just where we are in the seasons this year. If you want to know just how dreadful the season is, talk for ten minutes with a gardener and he will tell you all about it. If you do not go and burn all your summer frocks and buy winter ones you are brave to the point of being worthy to be decorated with a medal.

Only the mannequins wear frilly frolly clothes in the open air so far. They, as heroines of *La Mode*, put on all the delicate silks and lace and chiffons they are told to. True, they can have a fur coat to slip on over them if they like, since every dressmaker is a furrier nowadays. Perhaps it is the queer weather which is persuading the dressmakers to keep up a running fire of invitations to their friends and enemies to see new models. You now "look" at new clothes all the year round, with two intensive intervals when you see them all day and far into the night. It is bewildering. No sooner do you think that you have told everyone what the new styles are than out come a lot more. We are now getting draped hips, bunched hips, spiky basques, and all that style of thing. But only from one or two dressmakers. The rest are faithful to the straight, slim lines so much liked by the slim English and American women.

I was dining at Pré Catelan last week and could inform myself of some of the new fashions. I have discovered that the women to look out for when you want to know these things are the new style of dressmakers: Mme. Yteb, Mme. Yvonne Davidson, Mme. Champcommunal, and others who both make and wear really good clothes. Tall and slim and graceful, they are wearing the most lovely materials and colours. It just amounts to this: beautiful soft colours and stuffs, draped to suit you, and it does not matter much whether you have your waist high or low, or your skirts long or short. When I say long I mean, of course, well below the knee and not within sight of the ankle. All things are relative, we know, and certainly the length of a skirt and the height of a waistline mean very different things when they are said to be high or low, long or short, from the meaning they had when the high waist was set under the arms, and the long skirt, draperies that trailed on the ground. If you can assure the right materials and colours and achieve a silhouette of vapoury slimness, topped by a small head neatly *coiffé* and have feet finished off with absolutely perfect shoes and stockings, and gloves of ultra fineness on your hands, you are quite all right. "Quite," you will say. "But how to do it?" Yes, I agree, it is as difficult as most easy-sounding things.

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Harlequin turns his coat into a frock and lends it to a lady. Over silver lamé, blue chiffon flows towards the diamond-shaped encrustations of mauve, pink and blue chiffon outlined with silver, on its skirt

Many coloured wild flowers and their green leaves burst into print on a navy blue crêpe de chine dress with tucks at the waist and narrow ribbons repeating the flower colours tied around the neck. Martha Regnier.

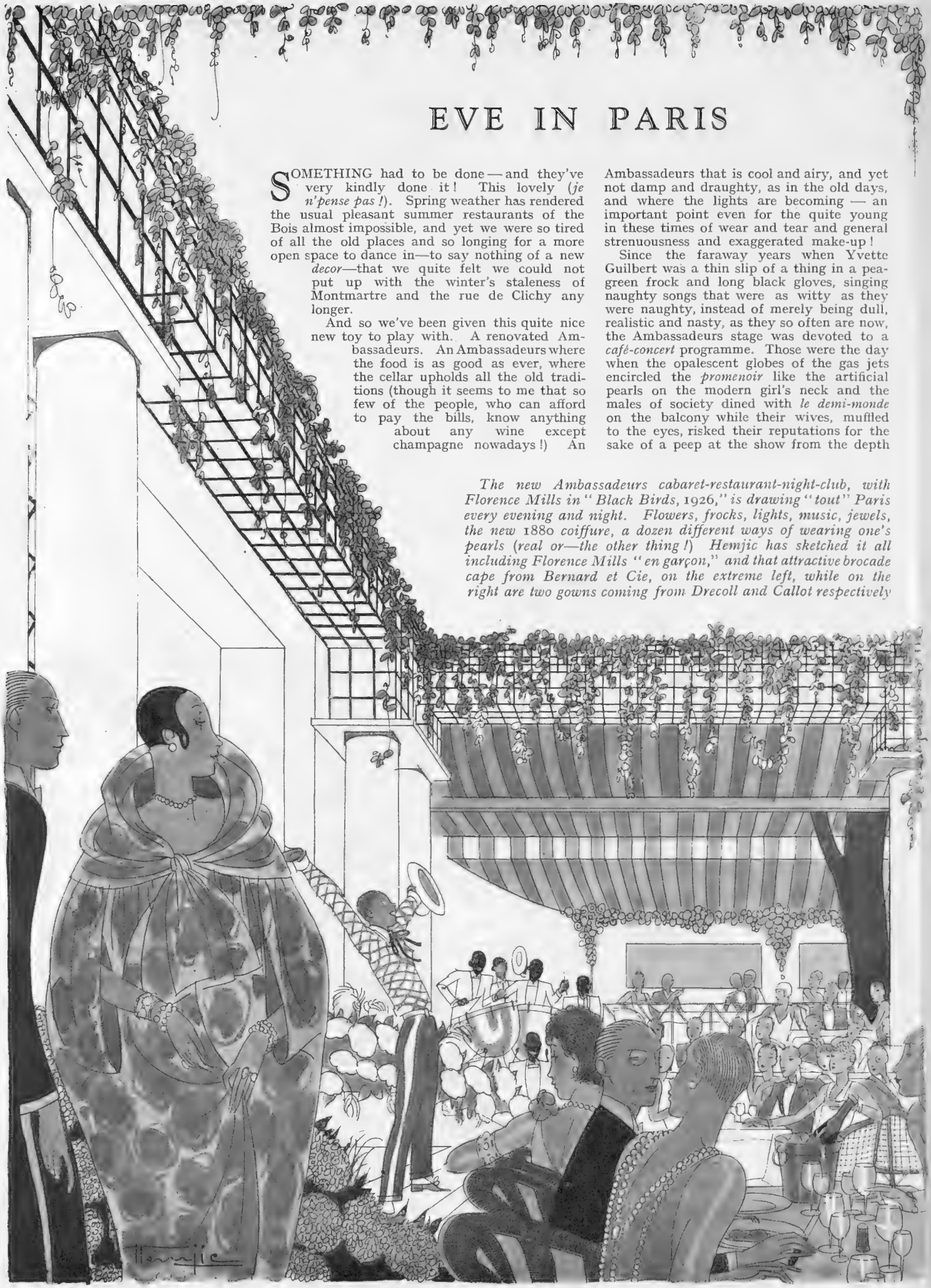
EVE IN PARIS

SOMETHING had to be done — and they've very kindly done it! This lovely (*je n'pense pas!*). Spring weather has rendered the usual pleasant summer restaurants of the Bois almost impossible, and yet we were so tired of all the old places and so longing for a more open space to dance in—to say nothing of a new *decor*—that we quite felt we could not put up with the winter's staleness of Montmartre and the rue de Clichy any longer.

And so we've been given this quite nice new toy to play with. A renovated Ambassadeurs. An Ambassadeurs where the food is as good as ever, where the cellar upholds all the old traditions (though it seems to me that so few of the people, who can afford to pay the bills, know anything about any wine except champagne nowadays!) An Ambassadeurs that is cool and airy, and yet not damp and draughty, as in the old days, and where the lights are becoming — an important point even for the quite young in these times of wear and tear and general strenuousness and exaggerated make-up!

Since the faraway years when Yvette Guilbert was a thin slip of a thing in a pea-green frock and long black gloves, singing naughty songs that were as witty as they were naughty, instead of merely being dull, realistic and nasty, as they so often are now, the Ambassadeurs stage was devoted to a *café-concert* programme. Those were the day when the opalescent globes of the gas jets encircled the *promenoir* like the artificial pearls on the modern girl's neck and the males of society dined with *le demi-monde* on the balcony while their wives, muffled to the eyes, risked their reputations for the sake of a peep at the show from the depth

The new Ambassadeurs cabaret-restaurant-night-club, with Florence Mills in "Black Birds, 1926," is drawing "tout" Paris every evening and night. Flowers, frocks, lights, music, jewels, the new 1880 coiffure, a dozen different ways of wearing one's pearls (real or—the other thing!) Hemjic has sketched it all including Florence Mills "en garçon," and that attractive brocade cape from Bernard et Cie, on the extreme left, while on the right are two gowns coming from Drecoll and Callot respectively



of the booth-like boxes below. Of late years, of course, it had just become an open-air music hall, and greatly resembled any other place of the same kind. It lingered along till three years ago; it then had a great vogue when the Dolly Sisters first made their twin curtsey to Paris with their dogs and canes and perfect rhythm. But these wretched summers had made the place impossible, and one went there less and less—as the Dollys also went elsewhere.

Now the stalls and boxes have been swept away. Shallow steps, that the professional entertainers turn to good account, connect the stage with the dancing floor, and a far-stretching park of little round tables. One has plenty of air because of the size of the place, but the open-air *promenoir* has gone, it has been shut off with sliding partitions that can be taken down later—if the weather justifies such rash measures! But *pas de fol espoir mes enfants*, the Clerk of the Weather seems to be definitely "out of step" with the seasons. We bathe at Cannes in January, but freeze at Juan-les-Pins in June!

On either side of the stage fountains play in their niches behind transparent screens, a silver net curtain glitters over brocades of varying colours, great masses of rose hydrangeas are banked everywhere, and the orchestras—tango alternating with jazz—are right and left of the floor. Trellis-work covers the walls and columns and ceiling, through which golden light is a diffused sunshine, the soft yellow of laburnam blossom is mingled with the mauve of the wistaria, and droops everywhere in lovely profusion . . . On the opening night when *tout* Paris was invited to pass verdict before the general invasion of the *gros publique* the sight was really rather lovely.

The *generale* took place at midnight, and the song-and-dance revue, "Blackbirds," with Florence Mills *en tête*, was performed in the wee sma' hoors before all that Paris counts of the celebrities of stage (light), Music (airy), Letters (witty!).

Of course, in these years of grace, *tout* Paris is half cosmopolitan, and the first people one thinks of in describing at such an after-theatre-hours function are: the Dolly Sisters, Dora Duby, Marion Forde, Josephine Baker (who hail from the States); the Rowe "girls," Irene Wells, Antonia Adison (who are English); Nikitina (who is Russian), Argentina (who is Spanish), and so many others, that one forgets half!

The Duke-and-his-dressmaker were there, a famous linendraper was escorting "fifty per cent." of two celebrated dancing twins, an equally well-known—but less rich—Belgian sportsman danced with "the other half." A dark-skinned Senator of la Martinique (*c'est ça qu'est chic!* as poor old Harry Fragson used to sing) cavaliered a blonde *sociètaire* of the Comédie Française and Maurice Chevalier was there with Yvonne Vallee. But Maurice, it is true, is French . . . and so are Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry, and Jane Marnac and Pierrette Madd and Pépa Bonafé and Charles Catusse and Armand Massard (his pretty young wife is American) and René Bizet and Mlle. Eve Curie (the pianist and daughter of the great scientist, Mme Curie), and Albert du Moulin (white kid gloves, note book, gold pencil and all!), and Lulu Hégoburu who has made such a success in the comic French version of "No No, Nanette," and Sem the caricaturist, who is getting more and more sem-iesque as the years roll by. One day we shall find him hanging by his tail from one of the trees at Longchamps holding his sketch book with his hands and drawing in it with his toes. . . . Who was it who said of Sem: "*Il dessine une main comme un pied!*"?

Between the intervals of "Blackbirds" we tried out the floor for ourselves, and found it quite satisfactory. So was the Mumm, cordon rouge, and the fois-gras sandwiches and petits fours. One good turn deserves another . . . we encored both; dawn was breaking

(*Continued on page* 610)

GRACEFUL GESTURES OF THE MODE

Scintillation and simplicity in amiable agreement

Doeuillet proclaims the reign of taffeta with an exquisite evening coat of cyclamen pink embroidered all over with silver. A collar and close cuffs of Kolinsky protect its wearer from the rigours of summer

A Mediterranean night might well have inspired Premet on this occasion. Gleaming like stars upon sapphire blue georgette, rhinestone embroideries turn what might have been no more than an evening dress into a nocturnal symphony

The only trimming on an almost flagrantly simple but eminently effective black crêpe satin evening gown from Jenny is a pink satin scarf which suddenly evinces an ambition to become a sash

CONFETTI

FROM the way the £ keeps bobbing up above par it would seem probable that we shall win one of the Test Matches after all!

STRENGTH of mind is said to be a big factor in lawn tennis. But, alas, there will be no conflict of Wills at Wimbledon this year.

IT is rumoured that Mr. Winston Churchill received after the general strike enough hats to last him a lifetime, in recognition of the fact that he ceased to produce the *British Gazette*.

A WIDELY travelled author declares enthusiastically that there is no climate in the world like that of England. I believe him!

"FIRE in Mayfair," says a headline. This is the sort of announcement that turns the coalless suburbanite towards Socialism.

MUSSOLINI, according to a recent visitor, has a fine set of teeth. This discounts the theory that his bark is worse than his bite.

IN view of the split in the Liberal party scientists are tackling with renewed courage the task of breaking up the atom.

MR. A. J. COOK has complained because the Mineowners wrote to Mr. Herbert Smith instead of to him. There is reason to believe, however, that Mr. Evan Williams sent his love to Mr. Cook in a postscript.

DIET AND DIVORCE

("*The explanation of many unhappy marriages is bad cooking*")

The modern woman, some declare,
  Lives mainly on meringues and ices
And other trifles light as air,
While offering for her husband's fare
  A series of burnt sacrifices;
The natural result of course is
Abnormal numbers of divorces.

Such downright condemnation Eve
  Will not admit without a question,
I never shall myself believe
That married strife one can relieve
  By pandering to a man's digestion;
In fact we know, from what we've eaten,
That English women *can't* be Beeton!

IT is untrue that the famous slogan "Not a minute on the day, not a penny off the pay!" is to be set to music and sold for the benefit of starving Russians.

"THERE'S nothing like a long sea trip for bringing about an engagement." I suppose it's the permanent waves that do the trick.

THE bank burglar who was recently stunned by being hit on the head with a telephone directory complains that he was overwhelmed by numbers.

"Yes, my dear, I shall miss 'er frightful now she's gone away. I've been sitting at 'ome cryin' me eyes out all the mornin', and as soon as I've been up the street to 'ave a glass o' stout I'm goin' 'ome to start cryin' again"

WITH the Duke of York a competitor this year's tournament will be more than ever a Court function.

A TREE-FELLING competition is to take place near Durham. At the subsequent convivialities the health of the competitors will no doubt be toasted to the tune of "For they are jolly good fellers."

A WELL-KNOWN composer has stated that good music can be almost as nourishing as food. Think, for instance, of the chop in Chopin!

"AND have you noticed those dainty little garters which are just narrow rows of pink rosebuds?" enquires a fashion gossip. The answer is in the negative. I always look the other way.

"A CAR is now within the reach of every man." Fortunately, however, most men are still able to jump.

AN Indian marriage ceremony lasts a week. This would never do for Los Angeles! There wouldn't be any time left for getting divorced!

LONDON theatrical producers are said by a critic to be very short sighted. Hence the modern partiality for stage spectacles.

THERE is far too much talking in the theatres, says a critic. Someone should speak to our dramatists about it.

ONE half of Mars is said to be dry. And in the other half no doubt they have Prohibition.

A MUSIC critic believes that some of our present day jazz tunes will never die. This affords us some consolation in the reflection that we ourselves are merely mortal.

WHO has been the greatest modern benefactor to mankind? asks a contemporary. Let me see, what *is* the name of the man who invented safety-pins?

MANY people are now getting their summer tan by means of artificial sunlight. Getting back to the Bronze Age!

A JEWISH scholar says that jazz is of Hebrew origin. One cannot help feeling that this, if true, goes far to explain the mediæval persecutions.

SOME women are born unlucky. An actress who recently had her pearls stolen has now had her face lifted.

A CHOCOLATE factory was recently burnt to the ground. This is thought to have been an act of incendiarism by an infuriated consumer who broke his front tooth on a hard one.

A PROFESSIONAL fasting man in Germany has received 500 proposals of marriage. It is evidently felt that this is the sort of man who won't make a fuss if there is no dinner on the cook's night out.

A WAITER at a west-end restaurant has been left £200,000. Americans seem more than ever inclined to overdo this tipping business.

ACCORDING to a doctor, people who habitually drink milk develop the mentality of a cow. Often, when you come to think about it, two men contemplating a drink will suggest tossing each other for it!

ARTHUR TRISTRAM

"'Darling,' she said, in the soft wheedling tone of the newly betrothed, 'must *you wear that tie?*'"

THE BLIND GOD

How Dan Cupid, the proverbially blind, brought off an engagement by "an optical illusion"

By Margaret Butcher

MISS WOKING WILLIAMS picked up the hairbrush and regarded the back of it vindictively for several seconds before it occurred to her that it was not the hand-mirror. Having rectified the error her expression did not appreciably change, which gives a very fair indication of Miss Williams's frame of mind.

Her fancy, dwelling on the unsatisfactory character of life in general, fastened on her appearance as the primary cause of personal misfortunes; yet—with certain reservations—Miss Williams was distinctly pleasant to look at, although precepts instilled into her from early years had done much to eliminate that unseemly pride which is universally accounted an attribute of the female.

At the present moment, however, the precepts had it all to themselves. She could draw no comfort from the inspection of her nice mouth and chin, her clear eyes and the "widow's peak" of her forehead; in spirit she was back in the schoolroom, committing to memory lines of a salutary nature, the purport of which was The First Grey Hair. As far as her recollection served, one was exhorted upon its advent to put aside the accoutrements of youth and "don the matron's veil"—a thing which Miss Williams most certainly had not done. Though scarcely in a position to assume the guise of matron, in the accepted sense of the term, she had begun to feel that there might be something in the theory, after all. So far had she sunk in despondency.

Miss Williams, violating the ancient mandate, had moved along other lines upon the arrival of the harbinger of decay; a consultation with her hairdresser had led to the putting on of nothing more sober than the latest invention in Permanent Tints.

The word "permanent" had now assumed a somewhat sinister significance in view of the fact that one side of Miss Williams's nut-brown head was a vivid and astonishing puce.

Three days ago this curious development had made itself evident, and the consequent enforced retirement was growing irksome to a healthy young woman of thirty. Miss Williams was very tired of her bedroom, her indisposition and her boudoir-cap, and was considering the advisability of a pressing call to town. No alternative presented itself, for although one may be invisible at breakfast and tea without occasioning scandal, although one may sit down to luncheon in a hat and still maintain one's status, to dine every night in privacy savours of eccentricity or dyspepsia, neither of which failings could be attributed to the lady in question.

"I shall have to clear, that's all," grumbled Miss Williams, "and one of those chits downstairs will get him. Just when things were going so nicely. . . ."

There was a man in it; there invariably is.

By craning her neck slightly she could see him from her window, pacing the gravelled walk. Miss Woking Williams was a person of taste as well as affections, and the spectacle afforded her a sort of fearful joy.

"I simply hate the tone of his plus fours," she remarked to her soul, "but he's a dear. He wants a woman to look after him—that's what it is. He never ought to be allowed out shopping by himself. That tie!"

Such maternal musings caused her too much pain; besides, the young person Cecily was to be observed swinging along towards the house, directly in the path of romance, her golden hair—a murrain on the creature!—blowing untrammelled in the breeze.

Miss Williams turned away. A woman, she reflected, might have the mental brilliance of a Voltaire and the physical contours of a Venus, but a head of such undeniably quaint colour-qualities as she now possessed hardly entitled her to a fair start in the exhausting matrimonial Marathon of to-day. She resumed her cheerless pastime at the mirror, while from below arose sounds which have been classified as girlish laughter, but which to Miss Williams in her existing mood were as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

* * *

Her hostess, informed of the urgent summons, and torn in the manner of hostesses between sorrow and suspicion, ordered the car for the three-thirty to Paddington, and Miss Woking Williams got down to the dreary business of packing, with Hope in its allegorical situation at the bottom of the box—a position which in the present instance suggested internment rather than happy augury. Miss Williams, with her crêpe-de-chine, her tender ambitions and her hirsute calamity, was going back to that limitless waste of bricks and mortar and single women where good men are few, and even bad ones are thought hard to come by, if truth must be told.

She drifted down to luncheon, somewhat *distrait*, as befits the departing guest, and found the golden-haired Cecily vying in badinage with the dark girl and the ginger minx, their sallies flashing rapier-like around the person of the eligible bachelor in the rather regrettable tie. To all appearances they were not conscious of any sartorial deficiencies, yet for Miss Williams, picking at her rissole, there was something in the eye of each which said "I shall soon change all this."

Once or twice she caught his glance, but at no time given to garrulity, he was plainly a little dazed by the battle which raged about him, and if there is anything more profound than complete silence, it is certain that he achieved it. Miss Williams's heart bled.

A lion or two in an African jungle—mused Miss Williams—may be all in a day's work to such a man, but put him in a country house among a bevy of bright young girls and the fight becomes unequal. Such a spectacle is distressing to a woman of thirty who has a sense of fair play and a trunkful of perfectly adorable frocks going to waste while she sits lunching in a wretched little cloche hat and waiting for the three-thirty to Paddington.

At a quarter to two Miss Williams, standing at her bedroom window, was roused from painful reverie by joyous noises without, and pulling aside the curtain she beheld the bevy crowding into the Daimler. The eligible bachelor was giving some directions to the chauffeur, which made it abundantly clear that he was implicated to a degree from which

(*Continued on page* 602)

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EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE WEEK

To Mademoiselle Thion de la Chaume, on adding the French Open Championship to the French Close Championship. Also to Mrs. Mactier and Colonel Beddoes, on winning at Brocton

After their great match

Mlle. Thion de la Chaume, the winner, and Miss Cecil Leitch, the runner-up, in the French Ladies' Open Championship at St. Germans

AT ST. GERMANS

YOUTH has arrived; the old reproach that she who won the Girls' championship won no other has been taken away, and Mademoiselle Simone. Thion de la Chaume, Girls' champion of 1924, and French close champion 1925, has in this year of grace 1926 won not only the French close, but the French open, with the additional triumph added of beating Miss Cecil Leitch in the final. That, of course, was over 36 holes, and no other lady except Miss Wethered, who has done it thrice, has ever beaten Miss Leitch over 36 holes before. So Mademoiselle de la Chaume, for this and for many other good reasons, must now definitely and undeniably be included in the innermost circle of the world's best lady golfers. That is a big thing to say, but it is not said lightly nor inadvisedly, and one may be happily sure that Mademoiselle de la Chaume will rise nobly to the position which is now hers, not merely in play, but in the unassuming good sportswomanship which she has always shown, because she values her golf in rightful proportion, as only one of the many excellent things of life. Unfortunately, that historic final cannot be described by an eye witness, and the posts to and from Cruden Bay are such that those illuminating letters which will doubtless come eventually from those who were themselves at St. Germans, are still in the air—or the post bag. But if the daily Press can be trusted—although Eve herself was not there complete with note-book and pencil—Miss Leitch had the better of the long game, but Mademoiselle de la Chaume dominated the proceedings in the short. After taking the lead at the third hole in the morning, the little French lady never lost it except for two half-holes at the 14th and 15th, machied 1 up, was 3 up at the 8th, lost the 9th with a stymie, became 3 up again with a birdie, 4 at the 12th, and with four halves won the match 3 and 2. It would have been easy to lose both head and lead in that long-drawn battle, but the eventual winner refused to do either. We must take desperate care, and hope next year for the assistance of Miss Wethered again, or that Open Cup of ours will be taking a short sea trip. Perhaps it would do our ladies' golf all the good in the world, for undisputed superiority is good for nobody, but we do not always desire what is best for us and will make strenuous endeavours that Mademoiselle de la Chaume, good friend as we all feel her, is not also our good conqueror, or at all events not too often. Miss Wethered has been heard of somewhere on the East Coast of Scotland at the time of the Amateur Championship, playing better than ever, so we know that her golf is not rusting, and the only question is how soon we shall be welcoming her back again in the arena. Meanwhile others must carry on. One defeat does nor make a downfall, any more than one swallow a summer, and Miss Leitch will have chance of a semi-final turning of the tables on the French champion, presuming that no accidents happen to either *en route*, at Harlech. The draw for the open, by the way, stands as made in April, and competitors who do not intend going should be particular to notify the L.T.U. at once if they do not intend turning up, as it will make all the difference to their opponents, as well as to the management.

At St. Germans

Mrs. Cain (Foxgrove) and Mme. B. de Kinkelin (Chantilly), who played in the French Open Championship

Irish champions: new and old

Miss P. Jameson (Island Malahide) (right), the new Irish champion, with the former holder, Miss Janet Jackson

NORTHERN COUNTIES

The usual tie between Cheshire and Yorkshire seems to be hanging in the balance. Early in the season Cheshire

(*Continued on page* 606)

BRADLEY FURS AT SUMMER PRICES

REMODELLING DURING SUMMER MONTHS

THE exclusive Fur Models now to be seen in our Salons forecast the fashions which will prevail in the winter season 1926-27. The styles of these Bradley Models may e selected with confidence either for entirely new garments or as basis on which ladies may have their own furs re-fashioned and work is put in hand now (*at Special Summer Prices*) delay due to ie winter season rush will be entirely avoided. Remodelled rments will be stored *free of charge* until required in the winter.

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CONGRATULATIONS

To the finalists, Miss M. Watt (Kilspindie) and Miss M. Park (Liberton), Miss C. M. Park (Kilspindie) and Miss M. Carmichael (Gullane)

"EVE'S" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(3rd year)

The first day's play at Cruden Bay

Described by Eleanor E. Helme

HOW much of the Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay can be described this week must depend on the good pleasure of the trains which may or may not leave that delectable spot carrying the mails. A mere postal package cannot, unfortunately, be endowed with the admirable persistence of all the competitors who turned up, nor even with the patience —quite involuntary— of Eve herself, who sat twenty hours at Perth and four at Aberdeen, and had visions at one period of the foursomes going on without her. If it had not been for that kindly station-master at Aberdeen, who knows when she would have arrived. As it was, only a hurried acquaintance could be made with the course, but that was quite sufficient for the heart of Eve to be entirely lost to it, although the beautiful views out to sea were shrouded and it was impossible to see more than the length of a respectable iron shot. So any shortcomings in this week's description must be overlooked. Cruden Bay is a course apparently bristling with terrors for the crooked, when it is clear enough to see them, and the heroic shot is often called for and always reaps its reward. Writing before the event, it seems safe to say that the givers rather than the receivers of odds will be the survivors, and that nobody is going to win either these foursomes or next week's Scottish Championship without playing real sterling golf. Even dimly seen, there is a great fascination about the course with its big

(*Continued on page* 588)

Mrs. Lytton Baker (Leicestershire) and Miss M. Wootton (Longcliffe) arming themselves for the fray

Miss H. Gray (Elie), Mrs. Gloats (Prestwick St. Nicholas), Miss D. Park (Gullane) and Miss Glover (Elie) making for the 2nd tee

Waiting at the 1st tee. Miss Carmichael (Gullane), Miss Carruthers (Foxgrove), Miss McKerron (Aberdeen) and Miss C. Park (Kilspindie)

SLIMNESS

Every woman desires the slender figure so fashionable at the present time.

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Photo by Mabel Robey

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From Chemists Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size

Aldwych

"EVE'S" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

—continued from page 586

Miss M. Lloyd Price (Rhyl) and Miss M. J. Couper (North Berwick), last year's winners of "Eve's" Scottish Foursomes, with Miss M. Kyle and Miss McGaw (St. Rule)

sandhills covered with bent, its winding brook, and the masses of wild flowers, double gorse, little sea pansies, wild saxifrages, and even a few late primroses on the banks and braes above some of the holes out in the far country. It is completely countrified, thoroughly seaside, and altogether delectable.

"EVE'S" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

On the morning of Tuesday the mist had lifted, but by the time players were striking off the first tee rain was falling, not very heavily but quite persistently. All the same that did not stop the quality of the golf being distinctly good, particularly on the part of Mrs. J. B. Watson and Miss Wood, who are the back markers of the tournament. Greatly cheered by the thought that Mrs. Alan Macbeth and Miss Beryl Brown, played and won the Northern Foursomes from two, this Scottish pair are making a strenuous effort to do likewise, and at the moment of writing there seems every chance of their succeeding. Mrs. Watson is playing perhaps a little better than she has ever done, and Miss Wood no less well, the short game of the latter being most valuable. At the first hole, for instance, Mrs. Watson's second just trickled over the edge of the green, and Miss Wood put the chip near enough for them to get their birdie 4. They were giving eleven strokes to Miss Forbes and Mrs. Edward of Aberdeen, and that number is not given successfully without playing sterling golf. The back markers were equal, however, to all demands made upon them, for they were out in 40, and were only one over five for the remaining holes of the match. At the 4th hole, which is short, but none too easy with its plateau green in this cross wind, Mrs. Watson's tee shot was no more than the length of a box of EVE chocolates from the pin and they were right over the 6th hole, which measures 495 yards, in three. At the 7th Mrs. Edward holed a good putt and she also had an excellent drive to the 8th where the opposition made one of their very few slips with a chip failed to get up the bank after Mrs. Watson had played a magnificent tee shot almost home. If they can keep up this sort of form it is not easy to see who will stop them. There was some very good golf played, too, by a pair from Moray, Miss H. Cameron and Miss K. S. Macdonald, who took every chance given them by the excursions of Miss Morrison and Miss Morrice into all sorts of trouble. Their 7 and 5 win was a good example to their club, but unfortunately Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Hair, playing just behind them, just failed to give two strokes to Mrs. Swan and Miss Middlemas. The Moray pair were 2 up at the 8th, but after that it was a ding-dong, first one side leading and then the other, and the game square to the 14th where was a stroke to give. Miss Middlemas had some adventures in a bunker, and Miss Hair a somewhat lucky approach, which ran down the punch bowl and finished within four yards of the hole. Then came the tragedy, for they failed from that meagre distance to get down in 2 putts, and eventually lost on the last green. Miss Wilson and Miss Everard had a good win, 7 and 5, from Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Berkley Quill, and behind them came Mrs. Melrose Morrison and Miss Dundas receiving 5 strokes from Mrs. Lytton Baker and Miss Wootton and making excellent use of them. Mrs. Baker and Miss Wootton have been at practically every EVE tournament that has ever been held, and have usually proceeded for a useful number of rounds. But Miss Wootton going out, must have been too busy looking for the watery sun which was trying to force its way through the downpour, and

(*Continued on page 602*)

Mrs. Melrose Morrison teeing up, with Miss Dundas (Comrie)

Miss W. M. Hewett (Wortley), Miss N. Wishart (Troon), Miss J. C. Hewett (Wortley), and Miss G. M. Duckworth (Parkstone) seize the chance of a rest

Miss Stenhouse (St. Rule), Miss S. G. Walker (Dunbar), Miss Montgomery (St. Rule) and Mrs. E. Hughes (Denham) waiting patiently for their time

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"W O A D!"
Celebrities in Undress
By BEVERLEY NICHOLS
In the "SKETCH" this week.

WHO WAS WHO AT CRUDEN BAY

More competitors in "Eve's" Scottish Foursomes

From the start

A general view of Cruden Bay taken from behind the first tee. This delightful seaside course is full of variety and has the added charm of natural beauty

On the left are Miss H. Wilson and Miss M. Everard (St. Rule), Mrs. Berkley Quill and Mrs. J. Cochrane (Banchory). The latter pair were beaten by the former by 7 and 5 in the first round

Weatherproof

Miss M. J. Wood (Gullane) and Mrs. J. B. Watson (Murrayfield) hoping for the best but prepared for the worst

Golfers don't care

A very cheerful group, Miss Hair (Moray), Mrs. H. Percy (Alnmouth), Mrs. J. S. Buchanan (Moray), Miss W. Morrison and Miss E. C. Morrice (Douglas Park), Mrs. Swan (North Berwick), Miss V. M. Middlemas (Kelso), and Miss Paul

Bone dry

Miss McCulloch (West Kilbride) and Mrs. F. G. Neilson (Prestwick St. Nicholas) taking shelter

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3 7 6	..	6 15 9	13 6 x 9 0	..	10 9 3	16 6 x 12 0	..	17 1 0
3 9 0	..	8 2 9	13 6 x 10 6	..	12 4 3	18 0 x 12 0	..	18 12 0
3 4 6	..	9 10 0	13 6 x 12 0	..	13 19 0	19 6 x 12 0	..	20 3 0
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9 11 x	9 4 ..	20 6 6	12 11 x	10 8 ..	30 4 6	15 3 x	12 10 ..	42 19 0
10 3 x	7 0 ..	15 15 0	13 1 x	11 3 ..	32 6 0	16 0 x	12 2 ..	42 14 6
10 6 x	7 10 ..	18 1 0	13 6 x	10 4 ..	30 12 0	16 8 x	12 11 ..	47 6 0
10 9 x	8 1 ..	19 1 0	13 10 x	11 7 ..	35 3 0	16 9 x	12 0 ..	44 2 6
11 9 x	9 2 ..	23 12 6	14 5 x	12 2 ..	38 10 6	17 3 x	12 2 ..	46 0 0
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7 6 x	6 9 ..	6 5 6	12 0 x	11 3 ..	16 15 0	16 6 x	13 6 ..	27 12 6
9 0 x	6 9 ..	7 10 6	13 6 x	9 0 ..	15 1 6	18 0 x	11 3 ..	25 2 6
9 0 x	9 0 ..	10 1 0	13 6 x	11 3 ..	18 17 0	18 0 x	13 6 ..	30 3 0
10 6 x	6 9 ..	8 16 0	15 0 x	11 3 ..	20 18 6	19 6 x	11 3 ..	27 4 6
10 6 x	9 0 ..	11 14 6	15 0 x	13 6 ..	25 2 6	19 6 x	13 6 ..	32 13 6
12 0 x	9 0 ..	13 8 0	16 6 x	11 3 ..	23 1 0	and many other sizes.		

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Miss Compton Collier

LADY DIGBY AND HER THREE CHILDREN

A charming photograph, taken at Minterne House in Dorset, of Lord Digby's wife with her son, the Hon. Edward Digby, and her two daughters, the Hon. Pamela Beryl and the Hon. Constance Sheila Digby. Before her marriage Lady Digby was the Hon. Constance Pamela Bruce. She is Lord Aberdare's youngest daughter. Lord Digby, who has a distinguished military record, was Military Secretary to the Governor-General of Australia, 1921-23

WHEN ETON ENTERTAINS

Hosts and Guests on the Fourth of June

Plenty to say

Above are Lord and Lady Greville and their son talking to friends. This year's Fourth, brilliantly fine in spite of expectations to the contrary, attracted the largest collection of visitors since the war, including three airmen who suddenly swooped over Upper Club during the match between the 2nd XI and Eton Ramblers

Lady Hastings and her son

Lady Hastings (on the left) is Lord Hastings' wife. Her son the Hon. Edward Astley was born in 1912

Among those present

The Hon. Mrs. Guy Westmacott, Lord St. Oswald's sister, with her youngest brother, the Hon. Anthony Edmund Winn who is at Eton, and her little son

On Agar's Plough

Lady Alexandra Haig (on the right) and the Misses Scott taking a walk round during the match. Lady Alexandra is the eldest of Earl Haig's three daughters

A group from the ever popular "Petroushka," in which Fokine's choreography and Benois' décor are allied to the brilliant music of Stravinsky

BALLET ORIENTATES THE ARTS

The genius of Diaghileff harnesses literature, music, painting and choregraphy to the wheels of modern ballet

By Edward Mather-Jackson

I HESITATED. In front of me, perched on the top of a showcase laden with all manner of musical publications, sat complacently but "grandly" a large score, a masterpiece of the music-printer's art, a standard of print, paper and binding to which all publishers should aspire. It would have been easier for me had the contents of that volume been unattractive; but four words on the cover—such an excellent cover, too—gave the lie direct to that. *Les Noces. Igor Stravinsky.* I hurriedly turned away from that showcase and went to look at bits of music that were lying about on the counter. I did not want them; but I knew that if I could persuade myself into buying something I didn't want, I might avoid the great indiscretion of buying something I wanted desperately but couldn't afford. Fortunately not one of the able shop assistants made an attempt to persuade me. "I think it would be *kinder* not to suggest it," they seemed to say to each other when my back was turned. If the truth were known—humiliating truth—my insignificant presence was probably unnoticed, and all were certainly ignorant of the struggle that was going on within me. Should I buy? I could find so many arguments in favour of buying. On June 14 M. Serge Diaghileff produced *Les Noces* for the first time in England at His Majesty's Theatre. Though this ballet of Igor Stravinsky was only produced at the Gaiété Lyrique in 1923, it was conceived in 1912. *Therefore* this score had a right to lie on my shelf alongside the scores of *Petroushka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps.* There are educated people, so I am told, who can finger the pages of a finely printed book, an édition de luxe, without experiencing the slightest emotion. These I envy but despise. As I turned over the pages of *Les Noces* I was searching all the time for a reason why I should *not* buy. I found it at last. *Les Noces* is written for voice, four pianos and percussion. A swift calculation led me to believe that by removing all the furniture from the sitting-room of my small flat four baby-grands could be squeezed into it, metaphorically speaking, with the help of a shoe-horn. The percussion could go in the bed-room. Perfect. And then I suddenly remembered certain harsh clauses in my lease—something about "peaceful occupation." I ran.

It is as easy to write nonsense about the ballet of Serge Diaghileff as it is about anything else; but the announcement of a season of ballet under his direction must surely create in many a keen sense of pleasant anticipation. For my own part I have always harboured a secret fear on the last night of a Diaghileff season that he may never again return to London; for the more I see of his work the more does he appear to me to be irreplaceable. Perhaps such a fear does little justice to those who are actively engaged upon the discovery of a ballet-form independent of Russian help and inspiration. One or two ballets of great individuality have been written and produced in Paris by M. Jean Cocteau, one of them, *Le Bœuf Sur Le Toit,* having been given at the London Coliseum in the summer of 1920 under the name of *The Nothing Doing Bar.* Vienna, Berlin, New York and Chicago have all endeavoured to set up a standard of their own. But it is still to Diaghileff and his Russian Ballet that anyone who would attempt the task of the producer must turn for instruction.

The shades of meaning that can be given to the word "ballet" are multifarious. By that name are known all sorts of movements to or in interpretation of music, the incidental dances of opera, a number out of a revue and the *divertissements* performed by half-a-dozen young ladies at a school of dancing. I have even received a typewritten notice of a "ballet" which is shortly to be performed in the country by Girl Guides and Wolf Cubs. Even among the "sophisticated" the term is equivocal when unpredicated. There is the free mime and dance of the Russians, the precise French-Italian, and there is the so-called "Classical" for which I have a hearty contempt. The ballet of which I am thinking is made of stern stuff. It entails the employment of an imaginer, a composer of music, a choregraphist, a scene designer, a corps de ballet and, above all, a supreme director who will take the book, the music, the décor and the choregraphy and will make out of them a significant and indivisible work of art. Of these Serge Diaghileff has proved himself to be the director par excellence. We must be careful to remember, however, that the original dissatisfaction with the hard and fast rules of the French-Italian régime of the Imperial Ballet was made manifest first of all by those

within the profession—and Serge Diaghileff came from without. He it was who took hold of the threads unwoven by Fokine and (strange as it seems to-day) by Isidora Duncan and rewove them into a new pattern. In this first period—I always think of the work of Diaghileff as divided into two main periods with a period of transition from the one to the other due to the genius of Stravinsky—Diaghileff was an experimenter who was brave enough to disregard much of that traditional technique of Russia which was looked upon as a thing inviolable and sacrosanct. With Fokine and Leon Bakst he produced Russian Ballet of unequalled magnificence. There must be few people in London who are likely to read these words who have not seen something of the décor of Leon Bakst. His colour and stage architecture were daring in the extreme; but in that branch of art to which he devoted his life he was truly great. Unfortunately he has left behind him a host of imitators—a Bakst charcoal drawing is notoriously easy to fake—and these imitators whilst conserving something of the appearance of Bakst décor, are producing futile, and jejune work which is having a deplorable influence in more countries than one. When Bakst died Diaghileff was left without a master of magnificent décor. I will not say that Diaghileff was forced into his second period by the death of Leon Bakst—to say so would be an anachronism—but I suggest that his death influenced the future of the director's work very considerably. Diaghileff having given to the public the ballets of Igor Stravinsky (ballets which were unsuited to the decorative treatment of Bakst) must have long been conscious that a regrouping of imaginers, choregraphists and scene-designers and the employment of young composers of modern music would necessitate a complete reformation of his style, form—call it what you will. With Bakst dead, and Fokine his chief choregraphist working on his own, Diaghileff was forced to introduce new blood into his organisation, and the result was a ballet in which the old manner was hardly recognisable.

In the second period we discover a Diaghileff who has severed such connections as there were between his ballet and that of the Imperial régime. To one who takes but a superficial interest in ballet the most marked difference between Diaghileff's first productions and his most recent ones would be, I think, the unaccustomed simplicity of his present work. Such a one, without looking for any significant information in his programme, would notice that the "Russian stuff," the local colour had vanished. Where all was magnificence, sumptuousness, wealth and even prettiness, there is now a studied naïveté, a marked economy in the use of colour, a simpler and almost angular choregraphy. Prettiness has gone by the board: the only pretty things left are the face and the figure of M. Serge Lifar. Diaghileff's ballet has become denationalised. It needed a considerable artist to discard the old and take on the new without jeopardising in any way the combined work of the men of to-day by loyalty to the tradition of the men of yesterday. And yet that is what he has done. The most efficient chef in the world cannot make pêche melba out of the ingredients that we are wont to associate with the making of hors d'œuvres variés. Diaghileff is something of a chef, for he makes into a subtile dish the ingredients prepared by others. Taking stock of the ingredients that are at his disposal to-day, he has given up hope of making a Russian dish out of them. More by force of personality, I suspect, than by monetary reward he has succeeded in persuading some of the most remarkable painters of the day to design for him scenery, costumes and curtains. During his last season at the London Coliseum we were shown the work of Picasso, Utrillo, George Braque, Marie Laurencin and Pruna (a disciple of Picasso). Nowadays on opening our programmes we *expect* to see such names: such a galaxy of talent passes almost unnoticed. Picasso, Utrillo, George Braque, these are artists who have achieved fame, they have "arrived," they are something of prophets in their own country, and they are earning big money. They have therefore little need of the patronage of Serge Diaghileff; and yet they work for him. Although I am inclined to think that the contribution of the makers of music in this second period is not on an equality with that of the makers of the décor, the same principle is at work in the choice of musicians as in the choice of painters. De Falla, the composer of the *Three-Cornered Hat*, is a man of unquestionable talent, and the young Vladimir Dukelsky, the composer of the music to *Zephyr and Flora*, will do better. There is a recurrent theme in this last-named ballet of very great beauty, and there are passages in the prelude and in the first three scenes of real excellence; but in this work Dukelsky shows no staying powers and the music of the last scenes might have been written by Poulenc or Auric at their worst. Though the great Igor Stravinsky is still a young man, the work that he and Diaghileff have done together is so important that it forms a period in itself—the transition period—and for that reason it would be wrong to link his name with those responsible for the present style of the Russian Ballet.

There remain the choregraphists: Massine, Nijinska and Balanchin. In the opinion of many the rôle of the choregraphist

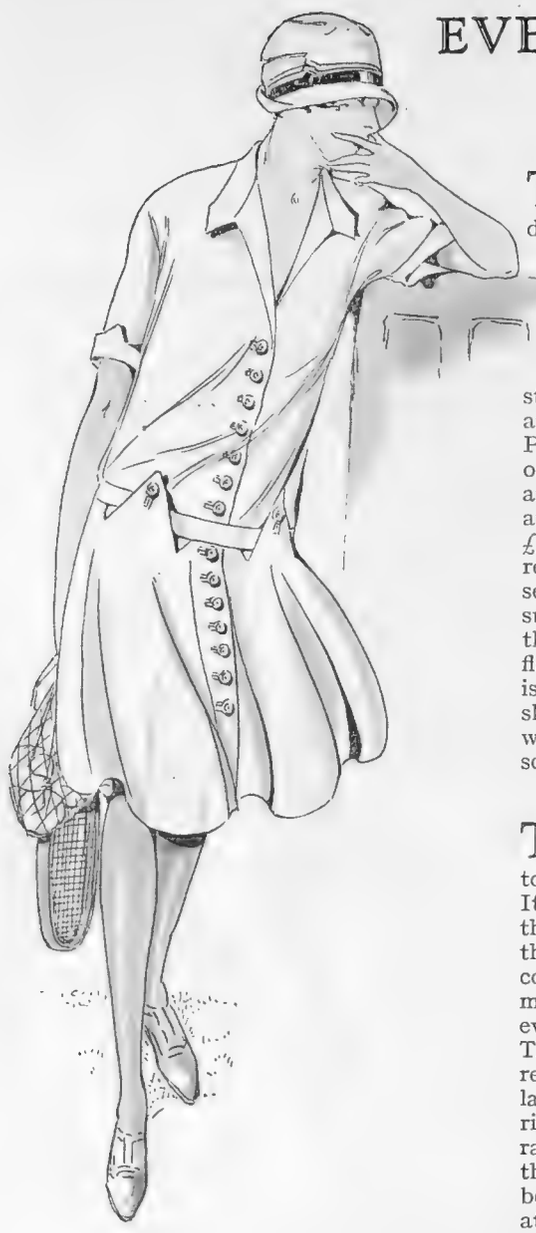
(*Continued on page* 604)

That exquisitely dainty dancer, Nikitina, in "Zephyr and Flora," the ballet in which Diaghileff assembles the talents of Vladimir Dukelsky, the promising young composer, Massine, and Braque, who designed the scenery and costumes, while Messel's strange masks and symbols are part of the fascinating ensemble

"Les Matelots," which owes something of its delicious naïveté to the scenery and costumes by Pruna, and of which the music is by George Auric repeats at His Majesty's the success it had during Diaghileff's last season in London at the Coliseum

EVE GOES SHOPPING

By M. E. Brooke



Here is the redingote in one of its summer moods. It is available in eponge and other white washing fabrics and may be seen at Bradleys, Chepstow Place, W.

SUITS AND REDINGOTES

THE great majority are focusing their attention on fashions for the holidays. They are seeking something sunny as well as for cloudy days, and it may be that their exchequer is in rather an impoverished state. No one can fail to be interested in the illustrations on this page, the originals of which may be studied in the salons of those well-known artists in dress, Bradleys, Chepstow Place, W. On the left is the latest version of the redingote; it is ideal for tennis and country wear in general. In eponge and other white washing materials, it is £3 3s.; on receipt of the usual trade references this firm would be pleased to send one on approval. There are jumper suits in similar fabrics for 69s. 6d. On the right of this page may be seen a flannel coat and skirt; note that the coat is double breasted. In this instance the skirt is grey and the coat blue, outlined with grey. It is available in other colour schemes; the cost is merely 9½ guineas.

HATS OF FELT AND STRAW

THERE really is no more important accessory than millinery; it requires to be chosen with the utmost discretion. It will be seen from the illustrations on this page that there is no monotony about the headgear at Bradleys, and as a consequence any type of face and figure may be suited, as of course the latter has ever to be taken into consideration. The pull-on felt hat worn with the tennis redingote is 29s. 6d., while the rather larger hat worn by the figure on the right is 3½ guineas. Suitable for the races and other fashionable functions is the black mandragore straw on the left below; as will be seen, it is turned up at the back and is decorated with pink satin ribbon with frayed ends. It is 4½ guineas. The model on the right is 3½ guineas; it is of the modified mushroom persuasion, its charm being increased with hand-painted velvet ribbon.

FURS MUST BE SAFEGUARDED

FURS must be safeguarded not only from burglars but from moths, and this can only be done by placing them in cold-storage chambers. Bradleys strongly advise all owners of valuable furs (no matter whether they have been purchased in their salons or not) to take advantage of their cold-storage service. Many years ago this firm installed a system of cold air storage which has been conclusively proved by science to provide a thoroughly efficient protection for furs against moth and other deteriorating influences during the warm weather. All furs are insured when put into storage.

(*Continued on page* 598)

Simplicity is the salient feature in this black mandragore straw hat decorated with satin ribbon. It hails from the salons of Bradleys, Chepstow Place, W.

Crinoline of a lovely shade of pink has been used for this chef d'œuvre of the modified mushroom persuasion. At Bradleys

There can be no doubt that nothing is more appropriate than flannel for holiday wear. Bradleys have used grey and blue flannel for the admirably tailored suit above

Photograph by "Sarony"

Miss EVELYN LAYE says

"It may interest you to know that I drink Barley Water and Lemon every day to purify the blood and keep my complexion clear and unblemished.

"I am convinced that Beauty is in the blood — that it depends, to an enormous extent, upon healthy, vigorous blood.

"Robinson's 'patent' Barley with lemon makes a refreshing, delicious drink, and helps me to keep fit and look fit in spite of long and arduous work."

Evelyn Laye

Miss Laye who has recently been delighting vast audiences at the Adelphi Theatre, as the fair "Betty," of "Betty in Mayfair," has discovered the secret of a beautiful complexion as well as a delicious and thirst-quenching beverage. Like thousands of other lovely women she drinks Barley Water daily for beauty's sake. Get your Robinson's "patent" Barley to-day.

Drink this daily for Beauty's Sake

It takes only a few minutes to make Barley Water with Robinson's 'Patent' Barley —whereas it takes hours if pearl barley is used.

ROBINSON'S "patent" BARLEY

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EVE GOES SHOPPING—

continued from page 596

This Parisian hat is fashioned of crocus-coloured organdi. The brim is piped, and so is the bow and band, which encircles the crown. At Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W.

HATS FOR THE FASHIONABLE PLAGES

IT is to Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., that women must go when in quest of hats for Goodwood and the fashionable plages. It was there that the shady hat on the left of this was sketched. It is of crocus-coloured organdi; the brim is piped and so are the bow and band which encircles the crown. Furthermore, there is a splendid collection of crinoline hats which have come hot foot from Paris; generally speaking, they are trimmed with the gayest of flowers. It may be that the crowns are entirely composed of single large blooms, or it may be that one or two are thrown with artistic negligence on the brim. Mention must be made of the shady coarse straw hats for 2½ guineas. They are decorated with leaves embossed with gold. Then there are the felt hats with beret crowns and narrow brims for 29s. 6d. in large and small sizes and in all the fashionable colourings; a fancy ornament is 4s. 11d. extra.

CELES FROCKS AND OVERBLOUSES

IT is many years now since Celes overblouses and frocks made their debut. In every garment, although they are thoroughly practical, the latest commands of fashion are seen. It is to be mentioned that Celes is of pure silk, and is of British origin. It is a Celes frock that is reproduced in the centre of this page; it is available in a variety of colours with light and dark grounds. Attention must be drawn to the cuffs, as rings form the fastening. Many of the new overblouses are double-breasted, while others are of the cross-over persuasion.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN

REALLY the prettiest fashions imaginable for children are to be seen at Helen Riou's, 15, Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road, S.W. To her must be given the credit of the simple zephyr frock on the right of this page at the top, with white muslin collar and cuffs, it is merely 17s. 6d.; while the straw hat that is seen in alliance with it is 15s. 9d.; there are other straw hats with neat little brims for 4s. 9d. The cotton poplin coat also illustrated is 16s. 6d., the hat of the same material being 7s. 6d. Ever so much to be desired are the mercerised cotton socks with fancy tops for 1s. 3d., and there is an infinite variety of bibs from 2s. 6d. Furthermore, there is a wealth of choice in smocks and dresses from 16s. 9d., and smocks with knickers in summer fabrics from 22s. 9d, as well as woolly suits.

Striped and plain Celes is present in this summer frock, the sleeves of which are provided with a ring fastening

Helen Riou has used cotton poplin for the coat and hat, and zephyr, with white muslin collar and cuffs, for the simple frock

FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH

AS every one is interested in the little Princess Elizabeth, it must be related that on the top of her christening cake rested a silver cradle; it was in the form of a shell. In it was a small baby, with sheets, counterpane and pillows. It was to Helen Riou, 15, Beauchamp Place, S.W., that the dressing of the doll and the making of the tiny bedclothes was entrusted. Now, although blue is the Duchess of York's favourite colour, she has sacrificed her only inclinations to the custom that prevails that everything for a "baby" girl must be pink, hence the coverlet is pink with monogram and crest.

UNFADING DRESS FABRICS

LIBERTY, Regent Street, W. will be pleased to send on request patterns of their unfading dress fabrics for river and country wear; cottons 40 inches wide are 2s. 6d. a yard, and linens 30 inches wide 2s. 9d. per yard.

Teeth Made White —glorious, gleaming!

Your gums like coral to contrast them—just remove that dingy film; see what happens

THIS offers a remarkable dental test. A test millions have made during the last few years, with almost unbelievable results.

It gives cloudy teeth a clear and beautiful whiteness. It adds high polish and lustre. It firms the gums and gives them a clear and healthy look.

And it does those things quickly. On dental advice, the world is turning to this way. Will you test it, please; then note results yourself?

There's a film coat on your teeth

Dental science now tells us that most tooth troubles have a potential origin in a film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it ..... a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off colour" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

Whiter Teeth, Firm Gums

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent — different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

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The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

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FREE — Mail this for 10-day Tube

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Give full address. Write plainly.
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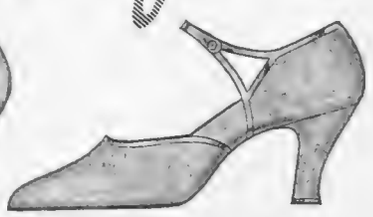
THE NEWEST PARIS STYLES IN BOND ST.

THE short, broad vamp of French shoes makes them look smaller, and fit more easily than the same size English style. If you find long narrow English shoes restrict your feet and cause you to walk ungracefully, you will enjoy the smartness—and extra comfort—of a modish Paris shoe. The best French styles are always to be seen in the little Bond Street Fanchon Shoe Shop.

Fanchon Styles

HE 2168.—*A charming model in Beige broche trimmed with gold kid. French last with high arch* **52/6**



HE 2174.—*Beige leather embossed in gold. An entirely new design, extremely smart and comfortable, trimmed gold kid* - - - - **55/-** ℗F5

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Dorothy Wilding

"Silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes"

Many women who are pretty to meet face to face cannot afford to turn the other cheek, but Frances Doble has a lovely profile. Miss Doble, whose sister married Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, is acting with Ivor Novello and Phyllis Monkman in "Downhill," which, after a very successful preliminary canter at Southsea, goes to the post at the Queen's to-night, June 16

MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE

Painting the lily

WHEN we get down to brass tacks, we realise that the amount of aid we give to Nature in the matter of beauty is, to an enormous extent, merely a matter of fashion. What is heinous in the wickedness of its form in one generation—even one decade—is simply a matter of routine in another. Custom dictates our use of lip-sticks just as much as it did the woad of our primitive ancestors or the ceruse of Carolean beauties. The brilliant young writer of the much-discussed "Hounds of Spring," rather gives away her youth here, I think. Had she been twenty-one instead of eleven before the war broke out, I do not think she would have made her delightful Wendy, on the threshold of her teens, make furtive snatches at that same lip-stick. It is considerably since then that the artificial colouring of the lips has become usual in such *milieus* as those depicted; and though, no doubt, it is the dream of such young things craving emancipation in these days to follow the example of the mother and elder sisters and colour their lips, they would hardly have dreamed of such a thing in 1914, I fancy; any more than those same grown-ups would have emulated the length of the little schoolgirl's frocks. A digression which I hope I may be pardoned, because it points the moral of my tale to-day!

BEHIND THE SCENES

We have considered the preparation, both for the debutante and her mother, which will give the certainty of looking absolutely at the very best on the occasion of the important functions of the season. But the subject would not be complete without thinking of those tricks and *nuances* which mean so much not only to beauty, but to *chic*. Anyone who is lucky enough to get a glimpse behind the scenes, knows how forceful this matter is in the latter case; one may be as beautiful as the dairymaid of proverb and fiction, and yet look like nothing on earth in the sophisticated setting of a London ballroom. No one ignores the advantages of being "IT" in frocks, and there is a distinct analogy in make-up.

Colour, and the tones which it gives, are of the first importance to begin with. Quite young girls fulfil their destiny to perfection by choosing their powder to suit their natural colouring, always remembering that the actual pink which for some reason is connected with roses — though red or yellow might at least as well come under the name —should be chosen only under the most careful scrutiny. The very young, peachlike bloom of the radiantly fair girl can stand it, but otherwise it should be taboo in powder. For such fairylike mortals the lip-stick should be of natural pinkish hue, too, while rouge, if any is needed, should also tone. Far more often, however, the powder required is the natural, rather colourless, tone which predominates amongst our country-folk, while the rouge should have rather a hint of apricot in its colouring. When we come to the brunette type, a geranium colour in rouge, and somewhat vivid tone of the same for the lips, is in the picture, the ordinary powder, perhaps, being of rather deeper shade than that of the "natural" type, with just a hint of ochre in its composition.

Such young things, for special functions in the evening, use the same things, or perhaps a colouring slightly warmer in tone than they would by day, to counteract the effect of electric light; and, if a foundation to the powder is used, it should be in lotion instead of creamy form, as the latter tends to melt and become greasy in the heat of dancing or excitement. Young girls, all the same, really need very little but the softening effect of powder and perhaps the most discreet touch to the lips. Sophistication is not in the picture.

For those who are a little older, however, there is a wealth of novelty in the best quarters behind the scenes. The very latest thing is a powder whose name of Banana sufficiently describes its characteristics. It is specially designed for those who flush easily in the evening, or who are over-red at all times, for the result, by day, with a light-toned rouge is to give a clear pink and white effect. For the evening the powder is charming for darker skins, whether these be of the warm, brunette type, or the rare old-ivory shade which is as unusual as it is admired.

THE GLARE OF ELECTRIC LIGHT

This question of evening make-up — if the crude term may pass — is very important, and means that it is necessary to have two sets of powder and colouring agents, a distinct choice being made with the glare of electric light in mind. For fair women, a powder of faintly lavender tone is most becoming; but for those of ordinary colouring, or their darker sisters, this is taboo, and choice must range from the "natural," rather colourless tone to the banana I have mentioned. When a very high, ugly colour has to be counteracted, a powder tending to almost almond greenish-yellow, is admirable, lending welcome clearness to the complexion, as does the orchid which has established itself so firmly, on account of the transparency it lends, for those of average colouring. Rouge should be deeper of tone than that used by day, apricot or tangerine being chosen for fair women, geranium for their darker sisters; and care must be taken to keep this fairly high upon the face, as colouring tending towards the jawbone makes the face look old and worn. If the touch of colour be added really *on* the cheekbone it gives an appearance of added length to the face, while those who have a tendency to the lantern-jaw type, will counteract it by the judicious placing of colour more in the centre of the cheek. The lip colouring used at night should be brighter than that by day — unless you belong to the exotic type with alabaster-white skin and boldly outlined lips not far from vermilion, when nothing *could* be brighter than the daytime choice! — and can be rather more strongly applied, too.

X. Y. Z.

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THE BLIND GOD—*continued from page 582*

nothing but a miracle could save him; and Miss Williams no longer believed in miracles—of a benevolent order.

"Good-bye!" shrilled the ginger minx, catching sight of her and waving a hand. "We're all crashing off to a matinée. So sorry you can't come!"

Miss Woking Williams smiled the hollow smile that too often masks a black and seething tumult and drew back into the shadow of the room. There are limits to human endurance, and at that point she had arrived.

The Daimler slid down the drive; faint sounds percolating through the window indicated that its cargo of *joie-de-vivre* was being borne rapidly away. Miss Williams, sighing lightly, put on her coat and descended to the morning-room.

There was nobody about. Through the French window a square of pale sunlight glowed deliciously; the garden outside looked as though a great rough broom had swept over it, so fresh and virile was it, so enticing after the restricted atmosphere of the past three days.

Miss Williams stepped across the lintel and wandered towards the stone seat by the secluded pond, where she threw off her hat and gave herself up to the contemplation of unthinking goldfish, many-hued but untroubled, fulfilling their dispassionate destiny.

A crunching of the gravel brought these helpful meditations to an abrupt end.

"I thought," said Miss Williams, in whom the fount of wit had suddenly dried up, "that you had gone to a matinée?"

"Oh, no," he replied, with equal sparkle. "I don't care for matinées."

Miss Williams was more than normally perturbed owing to the fact that he had seated himself in a determined and unhasty fashion between her and the hat, which lay in a remote corner of the seat. Certainly the sun was showing to full advantage her flushed cheeks and fine eyes, but she was unhappily aware that it was being equally frank with the puce high-lights, and by nothing short of bodily contortion could she contrive to present the other side to his view.

"I wonder," she said sweetly, "if you'd pass me my hat?"

"Oh, never mind your hat!" he replied. "What do you always want to wear a hat for, with jolly hair like yours?"

Miss Williams drew in her breath sharply. As a pleasantry this was beyond her scope; as a serious expression of opinion she could not entertain it for an instant. "Jolly?" she repeated.

"Awfully!" he answered, regarding her with disarming candour. "The way it grows and the whole look of it. And what on earth are you going away to-day for, just when . . . . ?"

There is a certain directness of action acquired by those who frequent African jungles and their equivalent, it appears. Miss Williams became acquainted with the phenomenon by an astonishing and not unpleasant means, and for quite a lengthy period other matters were strictly subservient.

By the time they recurred to her she had already missed the three-thirty, but she was not in the least inclined to distress herself about anything; that is, not until she opened her eyes and caught a glimpse of that unfortunate example of neckwear, now in such startling proximity.

"Darling!" she said in the soft wheedling tone of the newly betrothed, "*must* you wear that tie?"

"My tie! What's wrong?" He wrinkled his chin in an effort to inspect it under some difficulty. "Don't you like it?"

"It's—it's such a frightful colour with your suit, darling," breathed Miss Williams, toying with the lapel of his coat. "You're sure you don't mind? That dreadful red. . . ."

"Red?" reiterated the ardent lover incredulously. "I say, I'm so sorry, sweetheart. I must have grabbed the wrong one. As a matter of fact, I'm so confoundedly colour-blind that half the time I only know the beastly things by their labels."

Miss Woking Williams gave a shudder of pure ecstasy and closed her eyes once more.

"EVE'S" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES—*from page 588*

they were five down at the end of five holes. After that they struggled right nobly, and did not give in until a stymie came at the 15th. A stymie also had a distinct say in the ending of the friendliest of struggles between Mrs. F. G. Neilson and Miss J. W. McCulloch, and Miss Bround and Mrs. Pringle. As last couple out they could indulge in plenty of consultation over whether that stymie at that critical late stage could be lofted or "twizzled" round. Which was eventually done, and whether the doer favoured that course all another has been lost in the wealth of detail which has been supplied by or parties. At all events, the hole was lost when it should have been won, whereupon Mrs. Neilson and Miss McCulloch got home by 4 and 2. By the afternoon the sun was shining brilliantly, the sea was blue, and the gorse as golden as a guinea, though that, by the way, is a simile which can have no meaning for a generation brought up on paper money. Of that generation there are any number of promising players here. Miss Inglis has one of the most attractive styles of the lot of them, but Miss Cameron, who was runner up in the Scottish championship of 1924, hits the ball very crisply and effectively. At the other end of the scale it is very pleasant to see Miss Glover, who was such a name to conjure with in the earlier days of ladies golf, making her debut in EVE foursomes.

SECOND ROUND—TUESDAY AFTERNOON

How vain it is to suggest that anybody will ever win anything! Hardly had the foregoing paragraphs been written and safely committed to the tender mercies of the train than in came Mrs. Watson and Miss Wood, who had been picked out as possible winners—defeated. That is beginning at the wrong end of the afternoon which really started much more pleasantly with the arrival of brilliant sunshine. Whether more unpleasant weather conditions would have favoured the back markers better cannot be said, but at all events the great thing in an EVE foursome is to enjoy yourself, and that is certainly better done when the sun shines as it did that Tuesday afternoon. The first match out was a very interesting and instructive struggle. Here was Miss Glover, who was Scottish champion long enough ago for one to be not quite sure of the year without turning it up in a handbook, playing with much of her old sureness of touch round and on the greens, and partnered H. Gray, a young player also from Elie and Earlsferry, who hits in delightful style, but whose game naturally wants to shake d pull together. They were giving two strokes to Miss Doris Park G. Coats, the latter a most promising player who has only been at a couple of years. The lead see-sawed up and down, never more in it either way. Miss Park's side arrived at the position of do Miss Glover having played a fine chip and Miss Gray a good putt to match at the 17th. At the 18th, Miss Gray played a really lovely second, and with Miss Park unlucky in having a fine drive bunk match was square. At the 19th, Mrs. Coats' drive was unkindly but, refusing to be discouraged, she eventually played a good chip four yards of the hole. Miss Glover in just failing to hole a putt bit longer than that over-ran the hole and half stymied Miss Park went the latter on her knees to study the lie of the land, and, havin that there was just a chance of screwing round, she gallantly did i and match. A very fine performance at that stage. Behind them good solid win for the holders, Miss M. J. Couper and Miss Lloyd Pric turned 6 up, Miss Audrey Kyle and Miss McGaw finding all the tro was going—and at Cruden Bay that can be an astonishing amou received a stroke at the 10th which they won, and therefore redu Couper's lead to five, while a further hole was taken off it at the 13t however, was all that Miss Kyle could do, and the match went to th 4 and 3. Then there was some drastic polishing off by Mrs. Mellis Inglis, who won their match by 8 and 7 although they were giving not an altogether kind way to treat club mates! Miss H. Cam Miss Macdonald kept up their good going and so put out Mrs. W Mrs. Hugh Neilson by 5 and 4. Two couples later came a very notable match in which Mrs. Melrose Morrison and Miss Dundas, 9 strokes, beat Mrs. Watson and Miss Wood as aforesaid at the 19th could have done more than the back markers in their gallant attemp those 9 strokes, and when they became dormy one, it seemed as struggles were to be successful. At the 18th, Mrs. Watson's driv rather needlessly unkind kick off a rut out of bounds, and her at a brave putt not coming off, the match was square. There was to be given at the 19th, and yet it seemed as if the givers would Miss Wood hit a really beautiful drive so that Mrs. Watson only n iron for the second. She just failed to get it on to the green, and e the opponents ran down a most excellent putt to win the hole in 5 wise the givers of odds in every instance came through, not forgett F. G. Neilson and Miss Jean McCulloch who gave 6, and the M who gave 7. Miss C. Montgomery joined the defeated *ex* Scottish c of the day by going out to Miss Stenhouse and Miss Walker. She nered by Mrs. Geoffrey Hughes, that famous combination which las beat Miss Cecil Leitch and Lady Carisbrooke at the 23rd hole at R On that occasion they were handicapped at 18, but this time Mrs is labouring under the incubus of half handicap, her handicap manag decided that she is too good for her full allowance. Miss Montgome many very fine shots in the long game, but things just would not tively right for them. So ends the first day, and the rest will all be in EVE next week.

NIGHTS OUT—*continued from page 551*

There was an atmosphere of gaiety and good humour, everyon to know everyone else, for Victor's clients are most of them The round dancing floor was just adequate to the number of and Carling was enjoying himself, especially when Philippa the names of all the Bright Young People who were there, and out the heroine of a melodrama, the hero of a musical come theatrical impresario.

"And I'm here, too," she added, a little plaintively, and he

He danced, fairly badly but with exuberance, and he kep at her, but she didn't know what that meant.

"If he doesn't say one nice thing I shall cry," she told hers

On the doorstep of her mother's house, he said,

"Goodnight." Then suddenly he seized her hand, held it tightly, then raised it to his lips and kissed her palm. And he ran down the steps and started off down the street, walki quickly, a vociferous taxi driver whom he had forgotten hurrying after him.

But Philippa didn't cry. She laughed.

WELLS BRIDGE COTTAGE—*continued from p*

furniture to match and filling the panels of the door and what was cupboard with highly coloured Chinese cretonnes and varnishing t Martineau has made of it a place of restful and alluring happine has made the bedrooms of her sons, whose portraits, by vario people her sitting-rooms with their presence.

A gardener of considered skill and knowledge—her books on th command an ever-widening public—Mrs. Martineau has already don in bringing order and beauty out of what was merely overgrown when she bought the place. The ditch through the fields has been into the stream which purls pleasantly through its flowered margins, from the peat-bog at Ascot, the ferruginous water the beaux and bygone generation found so valuable a tonic.

At present, Mrs. Martineau is specialising in Chinese rhodo which have been increasing in favour for the last twenty-five year now so fashionable. As she cross-fertilises the blossoms and looks seedlings herself, we may, in time, have from her a book on the complete as her "Herbaceous Gardens" or her "Gardening in Sunn which latter has enabled English gardeners to succeed in growing the Riviera where they had failed before.

These and other volumes from her pen occupy a whole shelf of stocked bookcase in the delightful sitting-room to which it is such to return after strolling through the garden.

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BALLET ORIENTATES THE ARTS—*continued from page 595*

is of greater importance than that of the imaginer, the composer, the designer of the sceneries or even of the director himself; but the whole greatness of the Diaghileff ballet, if greatness it be, lies in the delicate relationship between the component parts; and so there is no reason why the choregraphist should be crowned king. He is one of a number of collaborators, just that and nothing more; and yet in the criticism that I read of the last season of ballet at the London Coliseum the name of Massine seems to me to have been given unnecessary prominence. No one grudges Massine the publicity that he has been given: but I do lament the fact that the other members of the team so often get nothing more than a mention in the dispatch when their work has been worthy of the highest praise.

It seems that Diaghileff has realised that there is a common denominator running through the literature, the music, the painting and the choregraphy of to-day. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he distinguishes a common orientation in the artistic production of the moment. New wine in new bottles. It might be thought that the English, having behind them no accepted tradition of ballet, would be more inclined to put 1926 wine into 1926 bottles than the Russians whose traditions are so great and strong. But all we have done so far is to fumble in the footsteps of our Continental teachers, imitating rather feebly the décor of this ballet, the costumes of that, without taking any noticeable care that the scenery be in keeping with the costumes, the choregraphy with the décor—a hotch-potch of imitations.

The English have the reputation of being if not born dancers at least the most easily trained of any nation outside of Russia. We have writers in plenty who could turn imaginers of ballet producing imaginative work as good as that of Boris Kochno, Martinez Sierra or even Jean Cocteau. We have at least two budding English choregraphists, at present inexperienced but probably capable of doing good work in the future. The ingredients we have; but there is no chef, no director, no English Diaghileff to make the component parts into an whole. Without a director of ballet outstanding personality we cannot attract the best of our writers, pai composers to devote their attentic art-form in which they are unverse we expect to see a London-made ba can stand the test of comparison the least of those directed by the g Diaghileff.

But still . . . perhaps, one day . .

Dorothy Wilding

Lady Mullens

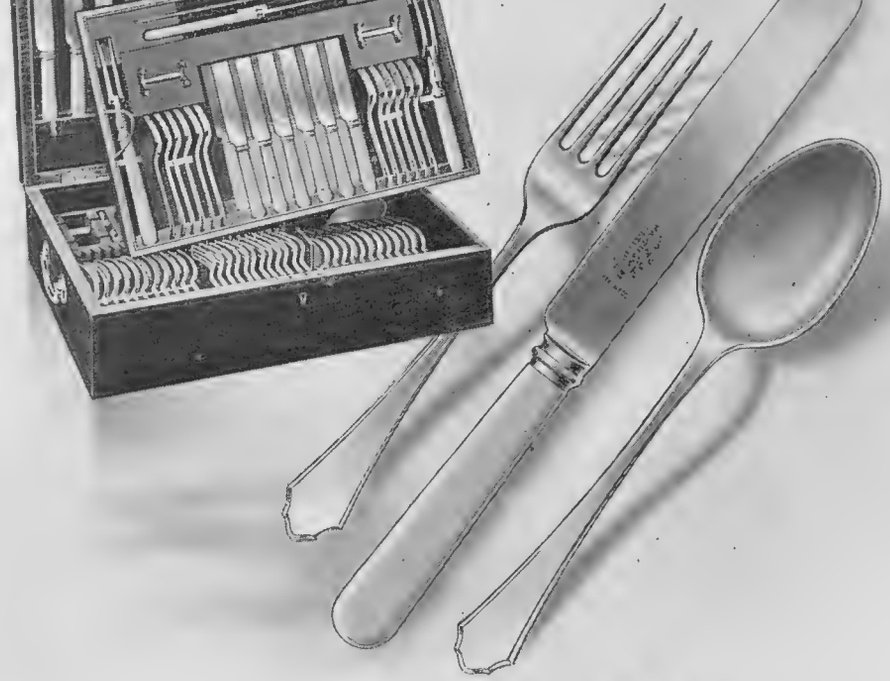
On page 500 of the issue of EVE *for June 9 the photographs of Lady Mullens and Madame Kallas were unfortunately transposed. We much regret the mistake and tender our apologies to both ladies for any inconvenience incurred*

MEANDER IN PARIS—*continued from page 577*

First of all you must be prepared to your face, get thin but not scraggy, w underclothes as possible, no matter ho suffer from the cold, and then you n to walk right, sit right, stand right, the right gestures. This done, you m colour schemes, line, and all the rest you have no time, no gift, for these th self, then find someone who can help yo are dressmakers to suit all personalitie days.

Among the things I have seen in t this week are a plain, long, straight ta stitched all over with a fancy stitch. high stand-up collar and rather wide be Under it was worn a black and white taf a plain black felt hat draped on the c stuck with a diamond pin, pearl ear worn in the ears, and pearls round th Fine black silk stockings and diamon shoes gave a nice distinction to Navy blue reps with white piqué wais a hat in blue straw trimmed with white grosgrain was worn with white and blue and white shoes. Shoes jaunty and gay. They simply i weather. The more fanciful your shoes, if they really match your better. In the old days you trimmed your hat and kept your sh Now you trim your shoes and keep your hat plain. *Autres temps aut*

Don't look for trouble unless you know what to do wit you find it.



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WOMEN OF THE DAY—*continued from page 553*

it, and then she herself began to hammer away as no doubt the masters in sculpture had done before her in that particular place.

Another great artist lived in Carrara making studies from the mountains—Mr. John Sargent. He was hauled up by ropes in a small basket to the highest peak with his painting material. But marble was not meant for man to paint. The studies, though brilliant, are cold and unhelpful. Marble was meant for man to use as his own, and marble sculpture is the most lovely, surely, and the most enduring. I only recall this incident of Mr. Sargent because it adds another battle to that particular pulse of glory—Carrara.

My favourite work of Lady Scott is her nude figure of a boy, the memorial to the young boys killed, and called "1914–1918. These Had Most to Give." It is now in the Paris Salon, and has just been awarded the medal of honour there. It is both expressive of joy and sacrifice, and it is a thing of beauty which is "all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

TALKING ABOUT BOOKS—*continued from page 572*

know it until after he had married her, was really Hughessen's own daughter! He had lived long years in South Africa, and had travelled extensively in Europe; all the same he must needs fall in love with his own illegitimate daughter—one of two children he had had by a "mistress" of his extreme youth. He had lost sight of the lady altogether since they parted in quite a friendly spirit, although she had since become one of the most notorious demi-mondaines in Europe. His son he knew all about; although his fatherly love began and ended with a sum of money paid when he and his mistress agreed to part. The daughter, however, was born seven months after this "good-bye," and the mother had not troubled to inform the child's father. And she, of course, did not know who her father was. Neither did her brother, Arthur. Nor did either of them know that their mother was beyond all argument not quite all she ought to be. In fact, Arthur, who was engaged to a charming girl, was so ignorant of his mother's livelihood that he was a grown man before he guessed the truth, although she must have been carrying on that livelihood for well over twenty years and had made the profession so successful that, when people said "Gabrielle Delorme"—men winked at each other and "nice" women let the wink go at that. But Eve, at any rate, had a better excuse for this surprising innocence, because she and her mother had quarrelled, and, as her chest was weak, she lived with friends in Switzerland. It was there that she met Hughessen and fell in love with him, all unknowing that he was her own father. Well, certainly, it was a difficult problem to solve, although Mr. Cunynghame, in conjunction with Death, solves it in the nick of time—so far as biological horrors are concerned. Personally, I didn't believe in his Gabrielle Delorme in the very least. In fact, none of the characters, except Margaret to whom Arthur was engaged, struck me as being very real. Nevertheless, the story is interestingly written because it teems with "asides."

A FIRST-CLASS "MYSTERY" STORY

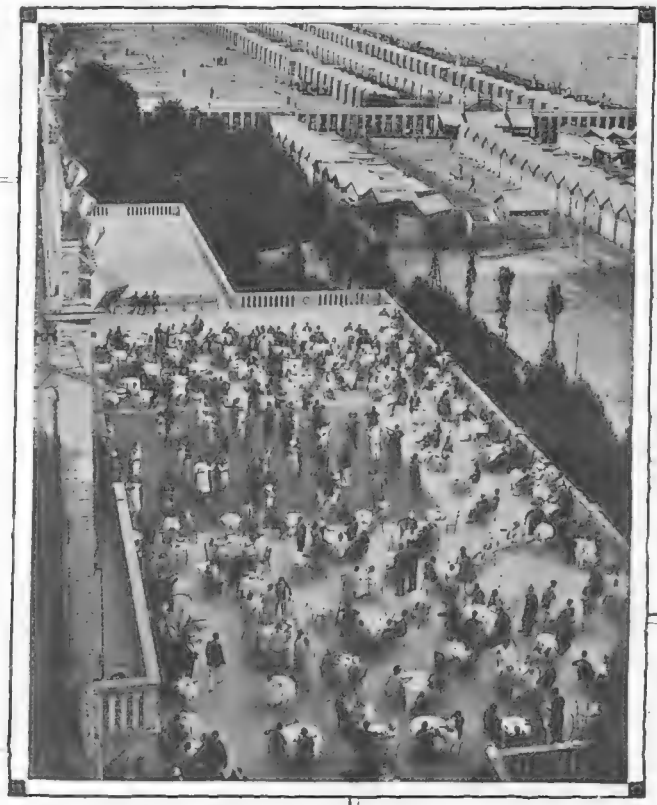
Another world-famous detective dragged from his cabbage-patch his "last," but doubtless not his "final," case. Dragged therefr ever, to the best advantage of thousands of excited readers surely! Agatha Christie is at the "top of her bent," there are extremely fe of "mystery" stories to come anywhere near her, and none to b her own game. "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" is as good as she has given us—further compliments are unnecessary. Her peop people; the trend of her story keeps within the bounds of the poss does not strew her path with any number of red-herrings—always perating device unless the reader is very simple-minded, or ver and yet I defy most people to guess who really killed Roger A how "it" (observe how careful I am to keep the full enjoyment of tale intact!) committed the crime. Mr. Ackroyd is the local squir mystery of his death may quite easily cast suspicion on at least sev Well, that's a good beginning for any eventual solution of a murde isn't it? Miss Christie keeps up the mystery more than admirab

EVE AT GOLF—*continued from page 584*

defeated Lancashire twice; last week York shire also beat the L twice, but two days before Yorkshire had lost one and won or Cheshire. So now, bar upsets from Northumberland, Durham, Cu or Westmoreland, Cheshire and Yorkshire will tie and replay. Lin the scene of battle for their two encounters, and Cheshire won in th 4 to 3, though Mrs. Dobell had to go to the 19th to beat Miss W the afternoon things went the other way, Miss Wragg beating M 5 and 4, Mrs. Kitson winning at the 19th from Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs at the 20th from Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Bland 1 up from Mrs. M sufficiently thrilling battle for anyone.

AT BROCTON HALL

The two days' open meeting recorded last week did not finis delightful doings at Brocton Hall, for this was followed by an ope mixed foursomes tournament there, destined no doubt when mo known to become the "Worplesdon" of the Midlands and to attra in just the same way as that annual gala. Two Worplesdon aspira were, indeed, amongst the Brocton competitors, Miss Dobson and Humphrey Legge, and Mrs. Byrd and Mr. M. Schunk, but eventua went to neither of these, Mrs. Mactier and Colonel Beddoes carry South Staffs the lovely cup and replicas given by Captain Legge Eustace Joy. Miss Dobson and her partner played grand golf u semi-final, but there they wilted under a battery of level fours Mactier's side, who played inspired golf. In the final these soon of three from Mrs. Byrd and Mr. Schunk, were pulled back to squ 14th, but then came again, and got home 2 and 1.



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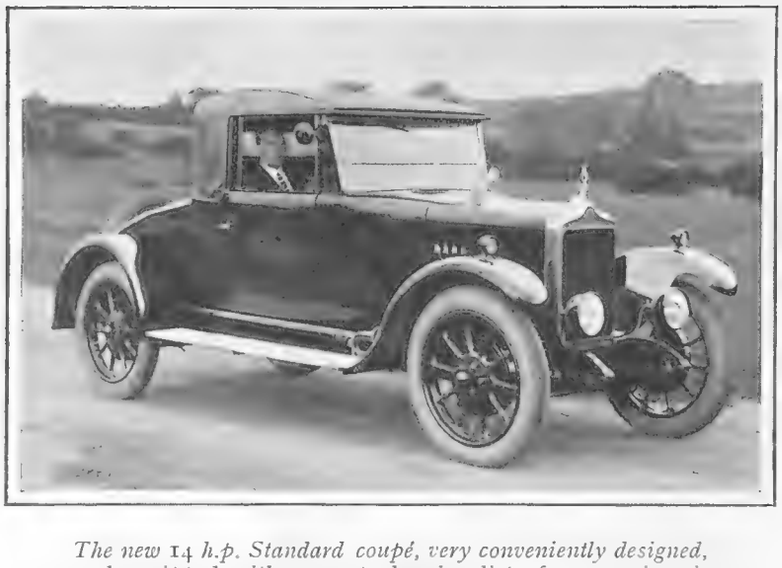

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EVE AND HER CAR

HOW every aspect of the roads is changing! The democratisation of motoring is bringing about a complete alteration in all our ideas of road travel and all connected therewith. Not so very long ago motoring was confined to those who might properly be described as among the "well-to-do" classes. They used their cars for pleasure mainly, and secondarily as a means of getting from place to place with the maximum of comfort and convenience. When they stopped for meals, it was always at an hotel and usually at an expensive one, and when supplies of fuel were needed a stop was made at a garage and the tank filled from the old-fashioned two-gallon tins. It was all very well, but something better, something more in accord with the times, has come upon us.

You don't want a lot of money to be able to own a car nowadays. Thanks to the enterprise of manufacturers like Mr. Morris, you can buy a sterling little car for less than £200, and, if you don't want to pay for it outright, you secure it for a nominal payment and spread the rest over a greater or period of time. Having got your car and taken to the road, you need enter an hotel of any kind, unless you are staying from home overnight along the main roads now are springing up quite nice refreshment ho where you can obtain a good meal in clean, comfortable surroundings about half the cost of the stodgy hotel fare. If you want to fill your you call in at one of the up-to-date service stations, and if it is very mo you can also get your car greased and oiled in a very few minutes at a mini cost and, if it happens to be somewhere about tea-time, you can have tea while it is being done. In some service stations now they even ha band, so that you can dance on the lawn or under cover if the weather i or the grass wet! It is all not so much a change as a revolution.

Talking about these service stations, there are many women to-day are looking for an outlet for their business instincts and I think they do far worse than examine the service station idea, more especially if have a little capital. It is essentially an easy business to work. You your tanks and pumps installed—and you can get this done on the payment system if you desire—and the few light buildings you need e and you are all ready to commence trading. You have to pay cash for petrol, but all the business you do is in the nature of cash transactio there are no bad debts to fear and no complicated system of book-k to tackle. Of course, you must be careful in the selection or your site that is a matter on which you can take competent advice. In fact, I this as the one vital consideration, but if the site is in the right place simply cannot make a failure of it.

Opinions seem to vary as to the lasting qualities of the new cellulose f for coachwork. The other day a friend brought his car to me for my on the way the cellulose with which he had had it painted was wearing over the body the finish showed small cracks like cobwebs—it looked, as say, like nothing on earth. I was able to tell him at once that what w matter simply was that he had had the car painted by the wrong p The first essential for the success of cellulose painting is that the old and varnish must be completely removed, so that the first cellulose pr coat goes on to the bare, bright metal. If the old paint is merely rubbed in a very short while the cellulose will show the cobwebby appearance l spoken of and will look horrid. Properly done, there is nothing like ce for lasting and looking well at the end of a long time.

The other day I listened to the Home Secretary, Sir W. Joynson-H talking about motor speed and police traps. As might have been expe his views on the subject were balanced and good, but there was one po which I should have very much liked to have tackled him. Speaking open-road trap, set to catch motorists exceeding the twenty-mile lim spoke of it as unnecessary and, I think, he said vexatious. We all with this, but the point I should like to put to Sir William is that, as Home Secretary and as the police of the country are practically unde Home Office, why does he not let his views be known officially? In words, why not stop the waste of time and the attendant expense of trap

W. WHITT

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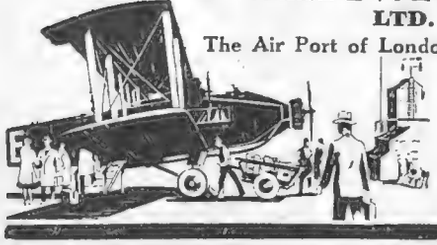

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EVE IN PARIS—*continued from page 579*

before we retired to our various nesteses, and for the manieth time (alas!) I revelled in the beauty of this wonderful city in the hush and peace of the very early hours.

Another new place that has opened this week . . . as a matter of fact it happened the same evening, and I went there first, is a new "*cabaret artistique*,"—"*L'œil de Paris*," in the rue de l'Etoille, just "off" the avenue de Wagram.

France Martis, that attractive young girl with the white strands in her brown hair, and who always dresses in Nattier blue with a white collar and brown bow tie, is singing there. It is amusing to see the change that time has brought to this attire. Three years ago, when she made her *début* at Charles Fallot's cabaret in the Faubourg Montmartre, she was just a rough little hoyden with a fine contempt for her appearance, straddling the piano seat and playing the accompaniment to her songs, sung in a rich young contralto voice, without ever glancing at the keyboard. She had immense talent. Now she has just as much talent; but for the moment, alas, her songs are not nearly so good.

Her appearance, on the other hand, has changed for the better, her frock is of soft taffetas, and the wide skirt is cut with almost the Lanvin touch, the Eton collar has given place to white, a fold of georgette that finishes the *décolleté*, stockings are 44 *fin*, the brown shoes are satin, and the glossy chestnut hair, with its strange strands of white, is waved back by an Emile or a Gaston of repute.

THE DOGGY WORLD—*continued from page 563*

by the Kennel Club, and the entry was 109. Perhaps no individual has done more to forward the interests of a breed than Mrs. Raymond Mallock for the little King Charles, and I must here express my thanks to her for the great assistance she has given me in compiling these tones.

She was a Vice-President of the Club for many years before she became its President in 1918; the Club at that time being in very low water, with only a handful of members, and a small bank balance.

Mrs. Raymond Mallock may well be delighted with the success of her efforts, for the entries of King Charles at shows have increased by leaps and bounds; the Club now boasts a membership of well over 100, and holds every year two successful Members' Shows, whilst the annual Open Show at Prince's Hotel, Piccadilly, is a recognised Society function, where all the best dogs in the country are on view.

It is quite a mistake to regard these dogs as foolish, delicate little lap-dogs. Given the chance, they are thorough sporting little Spaniels, with excellent noses, who enjoy a day with the guns. Mrs. Raymond Mallock tells of a little Blenheim she had who always accompanied her shooting parties, and was a perfect retriever. They are strong, sturdy little creatures, and, when trained, as much at home in the field as in the drawing-room. The present demand for pups exceeds the supply, so that at the moment it should be a good investment to start a kennel.

All writers, however, deplore the tendency to sacrifice body properties to the wonderful heads now seen; and fanciers should take to heart the advice given by Mrs. Raymond Mallock as follows: "Exaggeration kind are to be condemned. A medium-sized dog is what we want let us try to breed them with well-balanced bodies, profuse coats a action."

Space forbids mention of many other breeders whose claim to for all they have done for the King Charles Mrs. Raymond Mallock the first to recognise and appreciate.

Such names as the following are, of course, household words in th Lady Spencer Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison, Lady (whose interesting notes on the King Charles appeared recently in th Lady Fowler of Braemar, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Hopkins (authoress of t on the breed in the Kennel Club "Encyclopædia") are only a few who have been devoted to the little Spaniels for years, and help through adversity to attain their present proud position. I am h review some kennels of the breed shortly, when fuller details and in pictures can be given.

SECOND THOUGHTS—*continued from page 55*

Larita, then she is certainly a great actress. She has poise a and pace, great facial expression and the power of thinkin Watching her you realised that great storms were going on the surface. This much also is to be said which is enormously Cowl's favour—though she may have beauty she is not pretty, will the general public realise that, with one or two exceptions the world's great actresses ever has been pretty? Miss Cowl's possess enormous interest, and when she is on the stage you do n look at anybody else. There is in her just a hint of Mrs. Campbell and more than a little of Réjane. Her present perf is brilliantly clever from the first word to the last.

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Then, one glorious day, my husband saved the life of a Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the secret by which Hindoo women obey the religious creed which forbids a woman hair except on her head. Hardly daring to hope, I tried it. Judge of my joy when, in a few days, my growths all disappeared! Judge of the anxiety with which I watched in vain for signs of their return. I was cured! Never again was I to suffer the tortures of their cruel disfigurement.

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PHYLLIS.—Cleansing Cream: I have found P Cream excellent for cleansing purposes. Appl every night, and then wipe it off on a soft towe penetrates the pores, freeing them from all the which have worked their wa the day. After removing al dirt, pat fresh cream in, overnight. If you follow th tions you will find that you greatly improve—becoming supple. Pond's Cold Cream able from all chemists and opal jars at 1s. 3d. and 2s. tubes at 7½d., 1s. and 2s. 6

MRS. J.—Hay Fever: sympathise with you. I what a distressing compla having suffered from it m found "Vapex" excellent, a giving relief it affords against Hay Fever if used Put a drop on your ha every day and inhale it at It is sold by all chemists at Incidentally, it is very g cold in the head as it clears passage and makes breathin

ENID.—Perfume: Have Roger & Gallet's "Le Jade" a delightful fragrance and nothing pungent or clinging Face powder, talcum, and also available in the "L series. The perfume is 4s and 18s. 6d., but if you w to sample it before buyin bottle, send a P.O. for 1s. to Gallet, 14, Poland Street, you will receive a miniature "Le Jade" specialities.

H. T.—Red Hands: I can thoroughly re Valaze Whitener. It is one of Madam Rubinstein's preparations, and is obtain her salons at 24, Grafton Street, Bond St price 3s. 6d. For evening use it is the very it imparts a snowy whiteness to the ha shoulders and throat and does not come o is deliberately removed with soap and cleansing cream. To remove tan and skin s should get some Valaze Bleaching Crême This is also one of Madame Helena Ru preparations.

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